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BOOK
of
PARLOUR GAMES
PHILADELPHIA
PECK & BLISS



THE

Book of Parlour Games;

COMPRISING

EXPLANATIONS OF THE MOST APPROVED GAMES
FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE,

VIZ.

Games of Motion, Attention, Memory, Mystification and Fun, Gallantry and Wit,

WITH

FORFEITS, PENALTIES, ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "FLORA'S LEXICON," "LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS," "LADIES' COMPANION," ETC. ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
H. C. PECK & THEO. BLISS.
1854

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Preface.



MANUAL of Parlour Games has long been a desideratum among the social and family circles of town and country. Those which are most generally in use have lived in the memories of successive generations, and have been handed down by tradition time out of mind. It appeared to the translator of this work, that the collection of games, which it contains would be highly acceptable to the ladies of our own country. Many of them are entirely new to us; while others are recognised as substantially the same as those which have long furnished amusement at our own firesides.

To render the work still more useful and complete, the translator has added a collection of

Rebuses, Charades, and Enigmas, which will serve to task the ingenuity of the social circle when a little repose is required after the active exertion of the more lively sports which form the main part of the volume.

The translator hopes and trusts that she has done good service, by introducing to the knowledge of her fair countrywomen a new treasury of innocent and healthful amusements.

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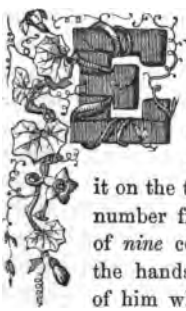


Games of Motion.



Games of Motion.

The Bull's Foot.



EVERYBODY knows this game, of which the idea consists in piling up hands, one above another, and then withdrawing successively each one as it becomes the under one, to place it on the top of the pile, saying, meantime, a number from one to nine. When the turn of *nine* comes, the pile is taken down, and the hands are hidden. It is then the turn of him who has said *nine*, to skilfully seize a hand, saying, "*I hold my Bull's Foot.*" If he does not catch any, he owes a forfeit. If he succeeds in catching a hand, he says to the person to whom it belongs, "*Of three things you must do one.*" A polite player will reply, "*Yes, if I can.*" Others will add, "*If I choose,*" "*If it please me.*" Then the conqueror orders three things, of which one at least should be

feasible. The order is executed, and the game begins again.

(Look for the choice of the forfeits at the end of the games.)

Faggots.

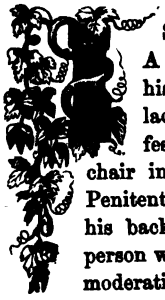


THIS game consists in forming a circle and placing the parties two by two, so that a gentleman holding a lady fronting him forms what is called a *Faggot*. The players must be an even number. The Faggot being formed, two persons are chosen to chase, one running after the other. The person running first has the right to cross the circle in every direction, and for that the faggots must be wide enough apart for them to run easily around and among them. When the person who runs does not wish to be caught and made to take the place of the person running after him, he places himself before one of the faggots, in the middle of the circle, and as he pleases. Then this faggot is composed of three persons, which must not be. The one who finds himself outside of the circle must then escape to prevent being caught. If he is caught, he takes the place of the runner, who lets him run after him, or, if he prefers it, enters immediately into the circle and places himself

before a faggot, which immediately provides a new runner, who is obliged to fly immediately, like the first; but he can on the instant force another to run, by placing himself before a faggot, which animates the game, if indeed the running is done with skill and agility.

This game, of which the motion and playfulness constitute all the animation, it is to be regretted, is impracticable on winter nights, when the space required would be too large.

Hot Cockles



S a game no less known than the first. A Penitent, chosen by chance, or by his own choice, hides his face upon a lady's lap, which lady serves as Confessor, and places herself in an arm-chair in the midst of the company. The Penitent places his hand behind him,—not on his back, which might be dangerous if the person who is to hit it should forget the proper moderation, but on his hips. Then a lady or a gentleman hits this hand, and the owner of the hand has to guess who struck. If he succeed, the person he guessed is to take his place; if he is mistaken, he goes on till he has shown more penetration. It is very amusing to the spectators

to see the impatience of the guesser, who having received several blows without guessing, hears the players coolly propose to him a *night-cap*, (a sort of reproach which they make to him,) which would enable him to pass the night as he is.

But let us return to the moderation to be shown in the blows used in this game. A well-bred man will easily see that there is more propriety, as well for the striker as the stricken, in giving a light touch, or in scarce touching the hand of an amiable person, than in striking it roughly with a vigorous hit, of which the consequence will be the retreat of the guesser.

Question and Answer.

NOTHING is more simple than this amusement. On a fixed number of cards are written so many questions, an equal number of replies is prepared, and all are combined in such a manner that any answer will serve to each question, in whatever order presented. The answers are placed in the hands of a lady, the questions in those of a gentleman; both shuffle and cut the cards they hold, and the person who holds the questions reads them aloud,

passing them in review, while the other answers by doing the same with hers. This produces amusing answers.

EXAMPLE.

Question. Have you any inclination to tenderness?
Answer. When I can.
Q. Do you believe in oaths of affection?
A. Once every *thirty-sixth* of the month.
Q. Have you any discretion in loving?
A. Ah! you shall know nothing about it.
Q. Are you of a fidelity equal to any test?
A. According to circumstances.
Q. Do you love the person who loves you?
A. I ask it of you.
Q. Are you ceremonious?
A. A quarter of an hour before midnight.
Q. Do you like dancing?
A. Ask my neighbour.
Q. Are you true to your word?
A. What do you mean?
Q. Do you love me?
A. You would go and tell it again.
Q. Are you capricious?
A. Every two hours.
Q. Is gratitude your virtue?
A. Ask my pillow.
Q. Have you the gift of tears?
A. Yes, under the shade.
Q. Are you of an easy temper?
A. You would laugh too hard if I told you.

Q. Do you understand the language of sighs?
A. Eh! Eh!
Q. Do you like a tête-à-tête?
A. I think I do. &c. &c. &c.

The Wolf and the Dog.



ALL the ladies of a party can find occupation in this game, but only one gentleman is wanted, and it is always the most active, because he has to call his courage and patience forth.

This person is called in the game the *Wolf;* the oldest lady is the *Dog*, and all the others place themselves behind her, and are called the *dog's tail*, collectively.

On the part of the Wolf, his business is to seize the player at the end of the tail; but he manifests his hostile intentions in this phrase:

"*I am the Wolf, I will eat you.*"

The Dog replies—

"*I am the Dog, and will defend myself.*"

The Wolf replies—

"*I will have a little end of your tail.*"

After this dialogue the Wolf tries to make an outbreak on the tail so much desired, but the Dog, ex-

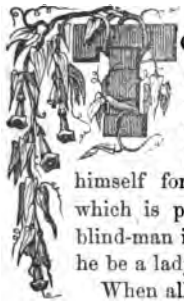
tending her arms, defends the passage, and if he succeeds in forcing it, the young person at the end abandons her post before she can be seized, and places herself before the Dog, where she runs no risk, and so do all the others successively until the Dog is the last of the line.

Then the game stops, the unskilful player gives as many forfeits as he has suffered puppies to escape, and the players choose a successor for him.

If, on the contrary, he succeeds, before the end of the game, in seizing one of them, he does not eat her, but he has the right to kiss her, and make her give a forfeit, which promises new pleasure when the game is over.

Observe merely that this game, requiring much motion and vivacity, would be ill played in an apartment, and it offers a charming picture in a garden, a yard, or any other locality vast enough to allow young persons to show the grace and lightness of their running.

Blind-Man's Buff, Sitting.



TO play Blind-man's Buff, sitting, the party places itself in a circle on chairs drawn very near together; the person whom destiny has appointed, or who voluntarily offers himself for *Blind-Man*, receives the bandage, which is placed over his eyes by a lady if the blind-man is a gentleman, or by a gentleman if he be a lady.

When all are sure that the blind-man cannot see the surrounding objects, all change place rapidly, in order to put his memory out. Then he approaches the circles without feeling, for that is positively forbidden him: he seats himself on the knees of the first person he meets, and, without placing his hands on the clothes, but by softly pressing the seat offered him, by listening to the smothered laughter his funny manner of reconnoitring is sure to excite, or by the rustling of the garments, (the noise of which often betrays the person wearing them,) he is obliged to tell the name of him or her on whose knees he is seated, and, in case he does not know the name, to designate them so they may be known.

If the blind-man guess right, the person named takes his place, receives the band, and makes the same researches. On the contrary, if he guesses wrong, the party clap hands to show him his mistake, and he goes

on to another person's knees, (having seen his error,) without employing other means than those mentioned in the game.

It is customary for the society, to prevent the blind-man from recognising persons too soon, to execute various little stratagems, such as some of them extending to their knees the garments of their neighbours, or placing on them an arm-chair cushion. Ladies dressed in silk put shawls over them, each trying to disguise her individuality as much as possible.

Sometimes it is preferred to conduct the blind-man by the hand, when they wish to vary the game swiftly, and to make each take the bandage in his turn; because then the conductor can skilfully warn the blind-man of the name he should pronounce, so that each person should contribute successively to the amusement of the party.

Blind-Man's Buff, by Profiles.



WHEN this game is played with a little art, it is very amusing. This is the manner of playing it.

The Blind-man, in this game, has not his eyes bandaged; but he has need of all his penetration. On a shutter raised up, is placed a white, rather fine linen cloth, in the same way as for a magic-lantern. The Blind-man is placed on a stool low enough to prevent his shadow from being reflected on the linen extended over the shutter. At some distance from him is placed a single candle, lighted, on a stick, and all the other lights are put out.

When this apparatus is ready, the persons in the party form a sort of procession, and pass in a line one after the other between the Blind-man (who is expressly forbidden to turn his head) and the light: this produces the foreseen effect; the light of the lamp, being intercepted by each of the persons who pass before it, naturally makes upon the linen a succession of shadows very regularly designed.

As the shadows pass before him, the Blind-man is obliged to name aloud the person of whom he imagines he sees the portrait in profile—and the errors which he makes give rise to more or less laughter.

It is unnecessary to say that each takes care, in passing before the light, to change his appearance, his

height, and his walk, in order to render himself unrecognisable.

The habit is not to give forfeits in this game; however, it seems to me they might be exacted from the person guessed at. By this, the game is made to suit more players.

Blind-Man's Buff, with a Wand.



BLIND-MAN'S Buff with a wand is easily played in a parlour. The Blind-man—his eyes covered with a tight band—places himself in the middle of the parlour: there is given him a long wand to hold. All the players make a circle round him, holding each other by the hand, singing a refrain as they go round. When the song is finished, they stop, and the blind-man, extending his wand, directs it, as chance may dictate, toward a person, who is obliged to take it by the end presented to him. Then the blind-man gives three cries, which that person is obliged to repeat in the same tone. If he cannot disguise his voice, he is found out, and takes the place of the blind-man. If he is not found out, the game continues as before, and so on to the end.

The Ribbons.



EVERY person in this game takes a ribbon, and holds an end of it. The other ends are held in the hand of the leader of the game, and he finds himself consequently in the middle of the circle.

When he cries "*Pull,*" you must let go; when he cries "*Let go,*" you must pull.

It is astonishing how many forfeits can be got by this simple game.

Cotton Flies.



ONE of the players takes a flake of cotton, or a bit of down, which he throws up in the air in the midst of a close circle formed by the seated party. He blows immediately, to keep it in the air; and he toward whom the cotton flies must blow, to prevent its falling on his knees, which will cost him a forfeit.

Nothing is more funny than to see ten or twelve persons with their noses in the air, each

blowing his own way, to send from one to another this airy cotton. Sometimes it happens that, as people cannot laugh and blow at the same time, the cotton enters the mouth of the person in vain attempting to blow it out. This excites laughter from the other players, who make him pay a forfeit in expiation of his greediness.



Games requiring Attention.



Games which simply require Attention.

The Trades.

A Pantomimic Game.



EACH one adopts a trade, played as follows:—

The shoemaker sews his shoe.
The washerwoman soaps.
The painter takes a portrait.
The cook tastes a sauce.
The locksmith beats the iron on the anvil.
The spinner makes her wheel turn round.
&c. &c. &c.

There is a king or a queen of trades, who commences the game by exercising his. However, all the others ought to use the gestures proper to theirs. If the king changes suddenly his trade, and adopts that of some of the company, all must remain quiet except the one whom the king imitates, until he pleases to copy another, then the one imitated takes the king's trade, and all the others remain idle until

the king returns to his own trade, which is the signal for recommencing the game.

If any one makes a mistake, he owes a forfeit.

The game entitled *The Folly* is only a variation of this, designed to render it more lively.

The Simpleton.



ALL the company form a circle in the apartment. He who is to conduct the game places himself in the most conspicuous place in the circle, and when the players have each chosen a trade, they must practise it by gestures as well as possible; such as, for instance, the Scribe by writing and folding a letter, the Painter by drawing or painting the wall.

Then he who conducts the game moves his fingers as though playing on the flute, singing this old song:—

"When Margaret goes alone,
She does not love me;
The little foolish thing
Is laughing at what I sing;
All I do is no use to me,
Relututu, relututu, relututu."

When he ceases to sing, to take up the trade of one

of the players, that player must play in his turn on the flute, moving his fingers, as if holding one, but without being obliged to sing; and when the conductor of the game takes up his song again or takes another trade, the player on the flute must quickly return to his: if he mistakes, he gives a forfeit to the master of the game. It is plain that much attention must be given, for when he who leads the game has skill and quickness, he can get a great many forfeits.

The Tongs



FORMERLY was played in the following manner. Unknown to one person in the party, a *bean* was hidden, and this person was expected to find it without other aid than this :—As she approaches the place where the bean is hidden, all cry out, "*She burns! she burns!*" forcing the voice, which is somewhat tiresome. On the contrary, when the seeker went far from it, the voice was lowered, and even ceased to be heard, according to the distance from it.

Sometimes the seeker gets tired of searching, which she proclaims by saying, "*I have eaten beans enough,*"

or, "*I throw my tongue to the dog.*" Then another person was designated and the bean was hidden anew.

But all in this world tends to perfection: soon for the bean was substituted a little pin, and for the cry, "*She burns,*" the noise of tongs struck with a key between its ends, more or less loudly, according to the nearness or distance of the person seeking the pin.

Soon after, all this was done away with, and the following is the manner in which this game is now played.

Chance designates a person who is to retire into the neighbouring room, while the others concert as to the kind of employment to which that person is to be subjected on his return. This occupation consists in untying a ribbon, in kissing a hand, in offering a flower, in displacing a bouquet, &c. When all is agreed, the patient is recalled, who, directed by the noise more or less loud of the tongs, (or, more frequently, a violin or piano,) approaches the object or person which the instrument indicates, and often ends in executing the object of his deliverance. Every mistake is an occasion for exacting a forfeit from the person who commits it; but how many forfeits would not a young man give, for example, if he takes it into his head that his duty calls him to, in order to fulfil (or make believe to fulfil it) a kiss, kneel to, or press the hand of a young lady, etc. It is easy thus to expose himself to an involuntary disobedience, since the instrument warns him, but it gives him so much pleasure and exposes him to so slight a punishment.

This game is among those most willingly proposed, and played the most satisfactorily.

The Elements.



CHOOSE a king of this game, in whose hands a ball of thread is placed, at the end of which, unwound, and fixed by a knot, is a string of sufficient length for him to throw it to any one of the players ranged round him in a half circle, and for him to be able to draw it back again to himself.

Three names of animals are then chosen, each living in a particular element, such as *Sheep*, *Carp*, or *Partridge;* and when the king throws the ball, pronouncing *Air*, *Water*, *Earth*, the person whom the ball reaches ought to pronounce the name of the animal occupying the *Element* mentioned.

For example, the king says, *Earth*, the person whom the ball touches must reply, *Sheep*. If he reply *Partridge*, or *Carp*, he must give a forfeit, for Earth is not inhabited by either of these animals.

The king can also say, *Fire* or *Elements*. When he says *Fire*, silence should prevail, for fire is not inhabited by any living creature known to men. When he says *Elements*, the names of the three animals selected should be pronounced one after the other.

Sometimes the animals are chosen before, but one is obliged, every time the ball is thrown, and the name of the three Elements inhabited is pronounced, to reply immediately the name of a living creature which

inhabits it, and not to name twice the same animal, under penalty of a forfeit.

"How much is Barley worth?"



THE conductor of this game takes the quality of *Master;* he gives to the party the names he chooses, as,

1. Francis.
2. How much.
3. How.
4. The King.
5. The Deuse.
6. Forty cents.
7. Three francs.
8. Ten francs.
9. Very well.
10. It is impossible.

The Master begins, "Francis!"

1. "What is it, Master?"

"How much is barley?"

1. "Forty cents."

"Very well!"

9. "What is it, Master?"

"How much is barley?"

9. "Forty cents."

"The King! Forty cents!"

4 and 6 together. "What is it, Master?"

"How?"

3. "What is it, Master?"

"How much is barley?"

3. "Three francs."

"How much?"

2. "What is it, Master?"

"How much is barley?"

2. "Forty cents."

"Forty cents! It is impossible! How? How much?"

6, 10, 3, and 2 together. "What is it, Master?"

It is easily seen that the game consists in replying, "What is it, Master," when one hears the name one has adopted pronounced by the Master; and if a mistake is made, a forfeit is given. A forfeit is also given when the players reply to their name pronounced by another than the Master.

The Travelling Monk



REQUIRES attention, but is not difficult.

He who plays the Monk relates a tour he has made for the good of his convent, and before beginning his recital he must give a name to every one of the players, so that each is called Hood, Cloak, Sandal, Cord, or some other part of his dress; and every time he speaks in his story of any one of these different articles, the person bearing its name is obliged to repeat it immediately, with this difference, that when the Monk only says it once, he is obliged to repeat it twice, and when the Monk utters it twice in succession it is to be repeated but once. When he names the *Convent* the players all together must add the name of Saint Francis to that of the article of clothing of which they bear the name; that is to say, "Cord of Saint Francis," "Sandal of Saint Francis," etc. When the monk says "My brothers," they must all reply only "Saint Francis;" when he says "Saint Francis," all repeat, "We, unworthy brothers." At every mistake they give a forfeit.

The traveller should mix up his recital with art, in order to surprise and embarrass his hearers, either by calling them all together by the names of *Convent*, *my brothers*, and *Saint Francis*, or by repeating without stopping

the names of the utensils and clothes they have adopted.

Attention is every thing in this game, where wit is not amiss, but not absolutely necessary.

The Echo



SOMEWHAT resembles the Amphigouri; and is precisely similar to the Travelling Monk, from which it only differs in the choice of subjects. It consists of the recital of a little story, which the Echo is obliged to interrupt when the narrator pronounces certain words which frequently occur in his discourse. These words are analogous to the profession of him who is the subject of the story. If, for example, it is about a soldier, the words which occur most frequently are those which designate the military equipment, such as the uniform, the gaiters, the gun, the scabbard, the bayonet, the bag, the police-cap, the chapeau or shako, the plume, the haversack, and the equipment. All the players, with the exception of the narrator, take the name of Soldier, Uniform, Gaiters, etc., except Equipment, which designates all together. When the relator pronounces one of these

words, he to whom it falls should, if the word has been said but once, pronounce it twice; if he says it twice, he pronounces it once; when he speaks of the equipment, all the players, except the Soldier, should repeat together *equipment* to the number and in the manner prescribed.

EXAMPLE.

The Travelling Soldier.

A BRAVE Soldier, soldier (Echo—soldier) received one morning his passport. Too much attached to his duties to expose himself to reproaches, he immediately took off his police-cap, (police-cap, police-cap,) put it in his haversack, (haversack, haversack,) from which he drew a pair of gaiters, (gaiters, gaiters,) quite new: he put on his uniform, uniform, (uniform,) took his sabre, (sabre, sabre,) his bag, bag, (bag,) his gun, gun, (gun,) armed himself with his bayonet, (bayonet, bayonet,) and his forehead shaded by his shako, (shako, shako,) of which he had well dusted the plume, plume, (plume,) he gayly descended to make his adieus to his hostess, and set out for the army, without forgetting any part of his equipment, (equipment, equipment.)

When he had travelled three leagues, fatigue forced him to stop a moment in a wood which he had to cross; he found at the foot of an oak a seat of moss, very comfortable to rest on, and leaning his gun, (gun, gun,) against the trunk of a tree, he seated himself, and soon fell asleep. He had been sleeping some

minutes when piercing cries awoke him. He armed himself with his gun, (gun, gun,) and ran in all haste toward the spot where the voice called him. What a spectacle! Four brigands were dragging—loading her with insults—a young woman, who struggled in their arms. The soldier (soldier, soldier) first aims at them with his gun, (gun, gun,) but the young woman struggles so violently that he fears to wound her, while endeavouring to aid her. He can only employ his sword (sword, sword) and his bayonet, (bayonet, bayonet.) "Stop, scoundrels," said he to them, "or by death." The bandits, seeing they had to deal with only one man, divide into two parties, two guard the lady, while the two others approach the soldier, (soldier, soldier.) He seizes the moment when he can, without danger to the lady, make use of his arm, and extends on the earth one of his antagonists with a gun-shot, (gun, gun;) the other, to avenge his comrade, fires a pistol, which pierces the shako (shako, shako) of the soldier, (soldier, soldier,) without wounding him. He now attacks the brigand with the bayonet, (bayonet, bayonet,) and stretches him beside his comrade. At this, the two others abandon the woman and take to flight. The brave soldier (soldier, soldier) throws down his knapsack, uniform, gun, shako, and bag, (repeat all these words twice,) in less than a minute. "Take care of my equipment," (all, equipment, equipment,) said he to the woman, and, with his naked sword (sword, sword) in his hand, he flies in pursuit of the scoundrels. One of them encounters under his feet a root, and falls; the soldier (soldier, soldier) aims at him, without stopping, a violent blow on the head, with his sword,

(sword, sword,) and succeeds in reaching the fourth, who falls under his blows. He returns to the spot where he took off his coat in order to run better; woman, uniform, knapsack, gun, bag, shako, (repeat all these words twice,) all have disappeared, as well as the two men he wounded first. Only his gaiters (gaiters, gaiters) remain, and his sword (sword, sword) without the scabbard, (scabbard, scabbard,) and he is obliged to repair to the neighbouring city to tell his story as best he can, and to complete his equipment, (equipment, equipment.)

This story may serve as a model for an infinity of adventures. The relater is careful to take forfeits from all who, carried away by the interest of the story, forget to echo, or do not do so often enough.

The School-Mistress; or, The Little Tell-tale Finger.



THIS is particularly a game for young ladies—if, however, there are young men present, their being there can render it more amusing.

All the company make a half-circle, in the centre of which a more elevated seat is placed for the school-mistress, who is selected first. She designates another person, who goes and seats herself on the stool, in face of all the company, and is to be ready to reply to all the questions of accusation which the mistress will direct against her.

The Mistress. "You went out yesterday without my permission; where did you go?"

The Accused. "To my neighbour's." Here she points to one of her companions, who must immediately reply, "Yes, Mistress," or give a forfeit.

Mistress. "That is not all: you went somewhere else; my *thumb* told me so."

At the word *thumb*, the accused replies, "It knows nothing about it," (which she reiterates as long as the Mistress does not name any other finger.)

Mistress. The worst of it is, that you did not go alone."

Accused. "It knows nothing about it."

Mistress. "It said that you went into a grove."

Accused. "It knows nothing about it."

Mistress. "And that a handsome young man was there."

Accused. "It knows nothing about it."

Mistress. "You took dinner along with him; my *middle-finger* told me so."

Accused. "Do not believe it." (She must say this as long as the *middle-finger* is said to be the informant.)

Mistress. "In a private room, too."

Accused. "Do not believe it; my neighbour knows the contrary." She points out another young lady, who is to reply, "Yes, Mistress."

Mistress. "After the dinner, which lasted some time"——

Accused. "Do not believe it."

Mistress. "The young man took you home in a cab."

Accused. "Do not believe it."

Mistress. "The cab was upset in the middle of the street."

Accused. "Do not believe it."

Mistress. "And you came in with your dress in rags."

Accused. "Do not believe it. I have for witnesses my three neighbours." She points out those who are not attentive, in preference; these must reply, "Yes, Mistress," or give a forfeit.

Mistress. "My *little-finger* told me so."

All together. "Yes, mistress."

Accused. "Pardon, Mistress—it has lied."

All the young ladies. "Oh! the wicked little finger."

Mistress. "It persists, however."

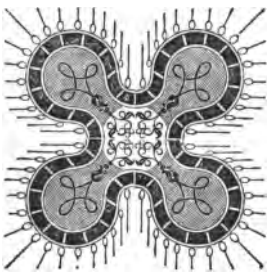
Accused. "It lies—ask *all my neighbours.*" All,

without saying any thing, put out their hands to attest the falsehood of the assertion. All hesitation requires a forfeit.

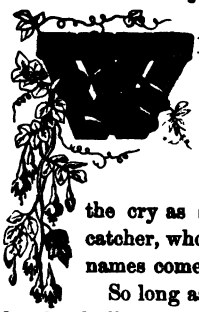
Mistress. "It says all these young ladies tell stories."

All rise. Those who remain seated give a forfeit. The Accused enters the ranks. A new Mistress, who picks out a new Accused, is named, and the game begins over, with new accusations.

If, on the contrary, the first Mistress, satisfied that the young ladies tell the truth without their rising, says that the Little-Finger acknowledges to a mistake, but that she will bring forward new accusations; to which the same person replies as before shown.



The Bird-Catcher.



WHILE the rest of the company are seated in a circle, the person who plays Bird-catcher stands up in the middle.

Each of the players takes the name of a bird, of which he imitates the cry as soon as he is named by the Bird-catcher, who tells a tale in which each of their names comes up often.

So long as he does not mention the *Owl*, the hands of all must rest on their knees, under penalty, for the person who should remove them, of a forfeit. As soon as that bird is mentioned, he makes his cry like the others; then all the hands must be drawn away and hidden, in order to prevent the Bird-catcher, who is on the watch, from catching one of the hands; for if he does so, the person whose hand he has seized gives a forfeit and becomes Bird-catcher, while the other takes his place and his name of a bird. If the Bird-catcher, on the contrary, does not catch any, he must give a forfeit and continue his recital, and the birds, at the first name he utters, replace their hands upon their knees.

When he cries *The whole Aviary*, all the birds give their cry at once: those who miss, give a forfeit; and he must give one if he mentions the name of a bird not present.

However, when he has given an agreed number, he is free to give up his part, and lots are thrown for a new Bird-catcher.

Here are the names and the cries of the birds composing the Aviary:—

The Cock. "Cocorico."

The Canary. "Little son! little darling."

The Magpie. "In the cellar, in the cellar."

The Pigeon. "Roucou-ou, roucou-ou."

The Turkey. "Pia, pia, pia, glou, glou."

The Owl. "Chou-ou-ou-ou-ou."

The Sparrow. "Piou, piou, piou, piou."

The Duck. "Cau, cau, cau."

The Raven. "Coua, coua, coua."

The Partridge. "Quiquiriez, quiquiriez."

The Lark. "Tirlili, tirlili, tirlili."

The Parrot. "Have you had you breakfast, James?"

The Starling. "Pay your debts, pay your debts."

This agreed on, the Bird-catcher tells this sort of a story:—

"I went out early one morning to walk in the country, and I amused myself very much in seeing the games and hearing the chirruping of a great number of birds who seemed to be born again at the aspect of the rising sun.

"I wished to catch a young Cock, (Cocorico,) but just as I was about to seize it, a Turkey—(Pia, pia, pia, glou! glou! glou!) Ah! said I to myself, a Turkey (Pia, pia, pia, glou! glou! glou!) is worth a Cock. (Cocorico.) I then went toward the Turkey, (Pia, pia, pia, glou! glou! glou!) but a mischievous Magpie (In the cellar! in the cellar!) and a Sparrow

(Piou! piou! piou!) flew out just then, and all the *Aviary* (a general cry, without stirring the hands) then took flight. The Turkey (Pia, pia, pia, glou! glou! glou!) ran away on the right, the Cock (Cocorico) on the left, and an Owl came (Chou-ou-ou-ou-ou)"—Rising of hands, which is ended by a forfeit given by the awkward Bird-catcher's failing to seize one, or by the bird who is caught giving one. In either case the person who *remains* or *becomes* Bird-catcher continues, "She cried out, and the fright of the others increased. However, a bird lazier or more bold than the rest, a Parrot, (Have you had you breakfast, James?)—(here all the hands are replaced on the knees; he who neglects to replace his, or is in too much of a hurry, owes a forfeit,)—had stopped on the branches of a tree. This reassured the rest of the *Aviary*, (general cry,) for I soon saw the Magpie, (In the cellar, in the cellar,) the Partridge, (Quiquiriez, quiquiriez,) the Starling, (Pay your debts,) reappear at a little distance, and I counted on catching one or two others, when that rascal of an Owl (Chou-ou-ou-ou-ou)"—

All the hands disappear again, and the Bird-catcher catches or does not catch one, etc. etc.

This game, which can be very much prolonged, is very funny from the mixture of different cries when the Bird-catcher names the Aviary, and also by the movement of all the hands in every direction to escape the catcher.

Note.—All repetitions are good to get forfeits by, because the players expect them the less from the catcher's never looking at the one he names.

My Aunt's Garden.



FORMING a circle of the company, he or she who knows the game says to her nearest neighbour—

"I come from my Aunt's Garden. The Deuse! the fine garden that my aunt's garden is. In my aunt's garden there are four corners."

Each one of the players repeats this paragraph. He neither adds nor diminishes any thing, under penalty of forfeits, and of being caught up by another before he has time to correct himself. When the word returns to the first interlocutor, he recommences what was said, and adds, "In the first corner is a Jasmine—I love you for ever."

The others take up in turn, not only this phrase, but the former one, and give a forfeit if they make a mistake.

The circle finished, the master of the game repeats all, and says at the end, "In the second corner is a Rose—I would like to kiss you, but I dare not."

After the third turn he adds again, "In the third corner is a Pink—Tell me your secret."

Then each player, after having said the phrase, receives in his ear the secret demanded.

At the end of the fourth phrase the principal player again adds, "In the fourth corner is a Poppy—What you told me in secret, say aloud."

At this point of the discourse everybody is obliged to tell what he told as a secret, which is sometimes very funny, as nobody thinks of that, and the society is equally amused with all the secrets.

The Key of the King's Garden.



THIS game is composed, like "My Aunt's Garden," of particular phrases, which people must repeat without mistake, and before which new ones are placed, which must be repeated in turn, and without error, under pain of forfeits.

Here are some of the phrases, which can be infinitely multiplied:—

"I sell you the Key of the King's Garden."

"I sell you the Cord which holds the Key of the King's Garden."

"I sell you the Rat which gnawed the String," &c. the Cat who eat the Rat, the Dog who strangled the Cat, the Stick which beat the Dog, the Fire which burned the Stick, the Water which quenched the Fire, the Well into which the Pail went down, &c. &c.

The Little Old Man's House.



ALL the company make a circle, and the one who knows the game conducts it. The conductor of the game begins thus:—Giving his neighbour a key, or something else, he says to him, "I sell you my Little Old Man." The turn being finished, the conductor increases, for the second turn, "I sell you the House of my little old man."

Third. "I sell you the Door of my little old man's house."

Fourth. "I sell you the Lock of the door of my little old man's house."

Fifth. "I sell you the Key of the lock," &c.

Sixth. "I sell you the String of the key," &c.

Seventh. "I sell you the Mouse that gnawed the string," &c.

Eighth. "I sell you the Cat that ate the mouse that gnawed the string," &c.

Ninth. "I sell you the Dog that strangled the cat that ate the mouse," &c.

This game can be indefinitely increased. It resembles very much The Key of the King's Garden, and others of the same kind. Each time a player mistakes he must give a forfeit.

The Little Old Man is still Alive.



PASSING from hand to hand a match or twisted paper which has been on fire and blown out, each person says to the other, "The Little Old Man is still alive; he is very lively, the little old man;" and other such phrases.

He in whose hands it goes entirely out, owes a forfeit; so that while it seems very lively, no one hurries to give it to his neighbour on his right hand, who is to receive it when the formula is pronounced; while, on the contrary, every body is in haste, when it is almost out, to get rid of it, for fear of having the forfeit to pay.

This very simple game excites extravagant laughter without any occasion for wit.

The Sportsman and the Game.



NAMES of game, such as Hare, Rabbit, Fox, Partridge, Quail, Sparrow, Snipe, Boar, Stag, Wolf, Lion, &c., are shared among the company.

Some one of the company takes the part of Sportsman, and adopts the terms relative to each kind of chase. When he pronounces them, the Game must reply in words agreed.

Thus, when he names "the Gun," all the players say, "Take care! take care!"

"The Setter Dog," the Rabbit says, "To the warren!"

"The Greyhound," the Hare says, "Run! run!"

"The Snare," the Wolf and Fox say, "Not such fools."

"The Nets," the Lion, Partridge, Quail, Sparrow, and Snipe say, "Seek, seek!"

"A Trap," the Boar says, "But my tusks."

"The Runner Dog," the Stag says, "But my legs will save me."

"The Hunting Horn, the Stag says, "I am off."

The Game-bag. All drop their heads on their shoulders as if dead, except the Stag, Boar, and Lion, who say, "What do we care?"

All who miss give a forfeit.

EXAMPLE.

The Sportsman. "It is fine weather, I think I will go to the hunt. My Gun is ready."

All. "Take care! take care!"

The Sportsman. "My Nets are stretched."

The Lion, Partridge, Quail, Snipe, and Lark. "Seek, seek!"

The Sportsman. "I need only go to the places where I can find game. La Trompe, bring me my Greyhounds."

The Hare. "Run! run!"

The Sportsman. "Bring also my Setters."

The Rabbit. "To the warren! to the warren!"

The Sportsman. "And come and join me at Mortemarc. Good—I see game. The deuse take the rascal, he has not loaded my gun."

All. "Take care! take care!"

The Sportsman. "He has disappeared. What do I hear in the snare?"

The Boar. "I have my tusks."

The Sportsman. "It is a splendid boar; but I have only put shot in my gun."

All. "Take care! take care."

The Sportsman. "I must aim at the little game. Ah! there you are, La Trompe. You have your hunting-horn."

The Stag. "I am off! I am off!"

The Sportsman. "Sound a little, we run against the stag. John will carry my gun to the castle."

All. "Take care! take care!"

"And my Game-bag."

All except the Lion, Boar, and Stag, bend their heads.

The Lion, Stag, and Boar. "What do we care?"

The Sportsman. "Go on, La Trompe. Sound the horn."

The Stag. "I am off. I am off."

The Sportsman. "I will go and look at my traps."

The Wolf and Fox. "Not such fools."

The Sportsman. "Nothing yet! I never had so poor a hunt in my life before."

N. B. Every player who does not pronounce the words attributed to the animal he represents gives a forfeit.



Games of Memory.



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PINCH WITHOUT LAUGHING.

Page 110.

Games of Memory.

The Grasshopper and the Ants.



LOTS are drawn in order to see which one of the company will play Grasshopper. The one who it is stands up, and while all the other players, who represent the Ants, are sitting in a circle, or in a line, as they choose, he writes with a pencil on a paper (which he holds afterward hidden in his hand) the name of the grain he chooses to live on. After that, making a profound bow, and addressing the Ants, he says, "My good friends, my dear neighbours, I am very hungry; will you not lend me something to live on?" Then, speaking to one in particular, "You, my dear, who are so charitable, you will help me to something."

The other replies, "I have only a grain of millet," (or any other grain she pleases.)

"Much obliged. And you, my neighbour," addressing another, "what will you give me?"

"A little worm."

"Thank you, neighbour."

He apostrophizes each in turn, and they propose to him *a fly, a grain of corn, of hemp, of barley*—always objects such as grasshoppers eat, and which have not been before offered, (which requires a forfeit, if done.) When the round is finished without the article before inscribed having been named, the Grasshopper gives a forfeit, and passes to the second asking. But if one of the Ants pronounces the fatal word, "I accept, my neighbour," says the Grasshopper, "and heaven restore it to you." Then he shows the paper; the Ant gives a forfeit, and giving up her place, becomes a Grasshopper in her turn; but instead of beginning the game again, she continues in this manner, speaking to whom she chooses: "My neighbour," says she, "I have eaten enough, thanks to the kindness of your companions. Now I wish to dance; what dance would you recommend?" The dance is inscribed as the nourishment was before,

One replies the minuet, the sliding dance, the fandango, the running dance, &c. &c. So long as the right one is not named, she shows her disgust for the dance named, and the round continues. When the same is mentioned twice a forfeit is paid; and the Grasshopper must give one if the round is finished without the right one being named: then she writes her third question. If, on the contrary, one of the Ants meets her halfway, both change parts as at first, and the new Grasshopper says, "I am now going to dance, my good friends, but I do not like to dance without music; what instrument would you advise?"

Turn by turn are mentioned the spinnet, the hautboy, the harpsichord, the lyre, the harp, the harmonica, until the name inscribed is hit upon, and the result is then as before.

"I have danced enough," says the third Grasshopper, "and am tired; I would like, good friends, to go to sleep; on what would you lie, if you were me?"

Each Ant, questioned in turn, answers moss, fern, sand, the turf, a rose-leaf, &c.; the whole on the same conditions as the other questions.

At last, the fifth and last Grasshopper says, "My good friends, I shall sleep well, but I fear in my sleep that I may become the prey of a bird; now guess which of all birds I fear the most."

Successively the nightingale, the crow, the partridge, and the lark are named.

When the name is guessed, the Ant who guesses gives a forfeit, and the game ends. But if the round is finished without its being guessed, the Grasshopper not only gives a forfeit, but is obliged to begin a second, and then a third round, and others if necessary, until she ceases to receive replies foreign to the name she has secretly inscribed. In order to avoid guessing it, the Ants give the most out-of-the-way names, and often the Grasshopper is forced to give up and ask for grace, because she cannot pay the forfeits which it would be required of her to pay.

Confession by Dice.



THE number or the sex of the players does not matter; only they must agree beforehand upon a Confessor. He is named, and the game commences.

He takes a number of blank cards, keeps one himself, on which he writes secretly what he intends, this time, to call a *sin*, or *forbidden act*. Then, addressing the one who is on the right, nearest him, he tells him to rise, and gives him a pair of dice, which the other spins on the table, and the number which comes up indicates the number of faults of which he is to accuse himself.

The Penitent seats himself, writes his confession, and passes it respectfully to the Confessor, who begins with the sin written first. If this last is on the paper the Penitent gives a forfeit; if not, he is declared absolved; but in either case his confession is read aloud, because the players, called upon in their turn, must not mention the same sin which the first one has, which forces the last to name the defect mentioned on the Confessor's card.

Here is an example of this game, in which the sin secretly written is Idleness.

The Confessor. "My daughter, do you feel aught upon your conscience?"

The Penitent. "Alas! yes, my father."

The Confessor. "Rise, take these dice, spin them on the table. You have turned up 4. Accuse yourself of four sins."

The Penitent writes his confession and puts it aside. The Confessor, having read her confession to himself, says—

"Then, my daughter, you are innocent, for here are your confessions:

"'I have gone to balls.'

"'I have gone several times to the play.'

"'I have spoken against my neighbour.'

"'I have eaten meat in Lent.'

"All the sins are forgiven you; go in peace, and sin not again.

"You, my son, have you aught to reproach yourself with?"

Penitent. "Only too much, father!"

The Confessor. "Rise, &c. You are guilty; give a forfeit, for you accuse yourself

"'Of having passed yesterday in gambling,'

"'Of drinking.'

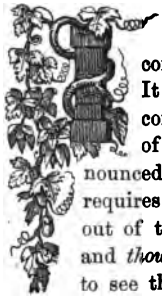
"'Of carefully avoiding all kinds of work,'" &c. &c.

It is only when all have confessed that the Confessor reads the names of the sins secretly inscribed on his tablets.

The turn finished, another Confessor, who also chooses a sin from which to abstain, is chosen, and the game begins again; and in this second round, as in the following ones, if they take place, it is forbidden to designate any fault before noted by the Confessor previously in power, or confessed by one of the

Penitents. This it is easy to verify, since all the confessions are kept. This rule multiplies the forfeits greatly.

His Worship the Curate.



IN former times this game was not consistent with politeness or etiquette. It was only a succession of continual contradictions, and consisted of the use of *you* instead of *thou*. This *you*, pronounced in speaking to any but the Curate, requires a forfeit from the person who said it out of time. It was the same with the *thees* and *thous* addressed to the Curate. It is easy to see that this was not very delicate. It is now played thus:—

A Curate and a Vicar are chosen, and as many professions as there are players; and when the Curate has begun, and has said to the one he wishes to attack, "I come from your house, Mr. Optician, or Madame the Milliner, (or any other trades-person,) but I did not find you in; where were you?" The person interrogated replies, "I was at—(whomever she pleases to say—Hairdresser, Tailor, Goldsmith, &c., provided one has been named.)

The person mentioned, instead of replying, "That is a falsehood," demands of him who has been questioned, "*What were you doing there?*" and the person must reply something suited to the trade mentioned. For instance, if he has been to the Bookseller's he replies, that it was for books. The Bookseller excuses himself, saying, "I was at the Binder's," who asks him, "*What were you doing there?*" "Getting a book bound." A forfeit must be given when something is said not suited to the trade mentioned. It is the same if the same motive be assigned for a visit as before. They have also the right to go to the Curate's, and at his question, "*What were you doing there?*" is replied, "Getting married," or any thing relating to his ministry, and the Curate is obliged to make a reply conformable to the person whose trade he mentions.

It is easy to see that, played *thus*, the play has nothing rude in it; and that it can become useful in giving general notions in arts and trades.

The Love-Leaf.



HE who proposes the game, (and no one should do that who is not sure he can lead it, unless he designates another who can,)—He, I say, who proposes, distributes a hand at piquet, by three or four cards, to each member of the society, according to its number, and keeps in reserve the remainder, which he alone is free to consult when he pleases, since he takes no part in the game, except to inspect it as far as necessary. All who have received take care to keep theirs hid, so as not to give their comrades any advantage over them.

The distribution finished, the Master of the game says to the person nearest him—

"Have you the Love-Leaf?"

She replies, "I have the Love-Leaf."

"What did you see on the Love-Leaf?"

"I saw," (here the answering one names the card she pleases, provided it is different from those in her hand.)

The conductor of the game consults his cards; if the card named is found, the answering one gives a forfeit; if it is not there, each of the players examines his hand, and the one who finds it deposits it in the Master's hand.

If the person who designates the card, and the one who has it are of opposite sex, the result is a kiss to each other; if not, both give a forfeit. In either case the game continues; that is to say, the one who has replied interrogates the right-hand person, and employs the same formula, "Have you read," &c.? and so on until all the cards are given to the distributor.

By dint of naming cards it is natural that some should be repeated. Then the player so maladroit as to forget those already mentioned, is obliged to give a forfeit. Thus, and to avoid the continual researches which would render the game interminable, the distributor should carefully avoid all those named, and keep them hidden, in order to give the start, and consult them each time he calls a new one.

It is rigorously required that any card named which is in his hands when he makes this mistake through ignorance or forgetfulness.

As the cards are exhausted, the persons who have no more leave the game. They do not give any sign, under pain of a forfeit.

The Love-Box.



THIS Game, invented for forfeits, is played thus:—

The one who begins presents a box to his right-hand neighbour, and says, "I sell you my Box of Love which contains three words, *love*, *kiss*, and *dismiss*." The neighbour replies, "Whom do you love?" "Whom do you kiss?" "Whom do you dismiss?"

The player who has given the box names, at each question, one of the persons in the company whom she *loves*, *kisses*, and *dismisses*. The person she *kisses* kisses her in reality, and the one she *dismisses* gives a forfeit. One may *love*, *kiss*, and *dismiss* several and even all the persons present, but that is not permitted till the end, which is thus shown.

The Interrupted Question.

MAKE the company form a circle. The first person who begins says, in a whisper to his neighbour, "What is a book for?" or any thing he chooses.

The next must answer, "It serves to instruct," and gives another question to his right-hand neighbour, "What is a glass for?" The fun of the game consists in naming the most dissimilar things. If they answer, "It is for drinking," it will be a great cock-and-bull story; for when the round is done, and it is time to find out the whispered questions and answers, by taking the question to the person on the left to answer to the answer on the right, it results that some one says, "I asked, What is a book for? and they told me it was for drinking," and so on.

The Painter and the Colours.



ONE of the company is chosen to lead the game, and represents the Painter; the other players adopt the names of different colours, such as *Blue, Gray, Green, Red, Maroon, Violet*, &c., as many as there are persons present.

Besides this name which the Colour bears and must reply to by designating one of her comrades, there are four different words which require different answers, and they are these:—

The Painter supposes that he is ordered to paint a portrait. When he pronounces the word *palette*, all the players together, except the Painter, cry out, "Colours, Colours." If he mentions *colours* in general, all say, "Here we are."

If he speaks of his *brush-handle*, all reply, "Brush, brush."

And finally, if he mentions his *brush*, all cry out, "Help! help!"

If, on the contrary, he mentions a *colour* by its name, the one must hasten to name another, who simply replies, "Ah! Mr. Painter." Any inattention or fault in the necessary reply requires a forfeit.

The great art, on the part of the Colour called, is to designate one which will make, with the subject of the painting, the most ridiculous contrast.

EXAMPLE.

The Painter. "I am ordered by one of the principal lords of the Court to execute a picture representing the death of Cleopatra. I am, above all, to take great pains in reproducing the celestial beauty of this woman who caused so much rivalry. I am going to fit up my *palette.*"

All the Colours. "Colours! Colours!"

The Painter. "With the brightest Colours."

All. "Here we are! here we are!"

The Painter. "I cannot use you all at once. I must have my brush-handle."

All. "Brush! brush!"

The Painter. "Ah! I have put on too much; I must take some off with the brush."

All. "Help! help!"

The Painter. "Hush! be quiet. I will use none of you. Wait. I am going to begin with Cleopatra's eyes. I will make them Black."

Black. "Red! red!"

Red. "Ah! Mr. Painter!"

The Painter. "No, I will make them Blue."

Blue. "Citron! citron!"

The Painter. "As for the cheeks, they shall be a superb Vermilion."

Vermilion. "Chocolate-colour."

Chocolate-colour. "Ah! Mr. Painter."

The Painter. "All Colours"—

All. "Here we are! here we are!"

The Painter. —"will have their proper place, thanks to my brush-handle."

All. "Brush! brush!" &c. &c.

The Aviary.



CHOOSE one of the company to act as Bird-catcher. All the rest then secretly adopt the name of some bird. The Bird-catcher has these names told him in a whisper, and if he is not sure of his memory, he takes a note of each, taking care to repeat none. He places opposite the names of the persons who have chosen them, and then opens the game in this manner:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have just got together a complete Aviary. There is an Eagle, a Vulture, a Parrot, a Crow, a Pigeon, a Crane, a Fly-catcher, (and any other bird the players have chosen.) I wish to know now which are the objects of your affection or antipathy. You, fair lady—

"Which of my birds has your heart?

"To which will you tell your secret?

"From which will you take a feather?"

The lady replies, "I give my heart to the Eagle, my

secret to the Parrot, and I take a plume from the Duck."

The Bird-catcher makes a note of these arrangements. Then he addresses the same questions to a gentleman, who says, we will suppose, "I give my heart to the Crow, my secret to the Crane, and I take a feather from the Pigeon."

When the player points out, as the keeper of his heart, a bird already on the list with the same intentions, and which does not figure on the list of the Bird-catcher, he gives a forfeit, and is obliged to make another choice. If he is again mistaken, it is a new forfeit. He must give great attention to the reading of the list and the choice of the first speakers.

When all have replied, the Bird-catcher tells the persons designated by the birds.

The one is kissed to whom a heart is given, a secret is told to the one to whom confidence was promised, and the one whose feather was stolen has a forfeit.

The heart or the secret are not given to oneself, under pain of a forfeit, and no feather is pulled from oneself under pain of two.



Games for Catching.



Games for Catching,

OR WHICH ARE INTENDED TO MYSTIFY OR TEASE.

"I Come from Market."



WHEN the company has formed a circle, one of them says to his right-hand neighbour, "I return from market." "What did you buy?" replies he. "A dress, a waistcoat, and flowers," is the answer—any thing the purchaser may choose, provided he can, on pronouncing the word, touch the object he mentions. The person who neglects to do so gives a forfeit.

A means of multiplying the forfeits is, in observing the above rules, to limit oneself to naming, alternately, a masculine or a feminine thing, so that the one who hears that his neighbour has bought a CAT, says that he has bought a *horse*, or something which, or a representation of which, he can touch, &c.

No object already mentioned, must be named, under pain of a forfeit.

Get Out.



AN insignificant play, since it consists in this dialogue:—

"Get out."

"Why?"

"Because you have (such and such a thing) which I have not."

No one must mention what they have themselves, or another player has already mentioned, unless they want to pay a forfeit.

The Crossed Scissors.



FROM hand to hand a pair of scissors, or any other object, is passed, and some one says, "I give you my scissors crossed," (or "not crossed.")

In the first case, the person addressed must, without affectation, cross her arms or knees, saying the same thing; in the second case she must keep them still.

Many persons, for want of attention, give, for a long time, forfeits in this play, without knowing why; and their surprise is the principal amusement.

The Mole.



NOTHING is necessary in this easy game but to say to one of the players, "Have you seen my mole?"

This person replies, "Yes, I saw your mole."

"Do you know what my mole is doing?"

"Yes; I know what your mole is doing."

"Can you do the same?"

It is required to shut the eyes every time you reply, or give a forfeit.

The Cook who does not like Bones.



SOME one of the company is chosen to act as leader. He asks of his right-hand neighbour, and then of the persons present, successively, the following question:

"My cook does not like bones: what shall we give her to eat?"

If any one says, "Carrots, peas," he answers, "She don't like them, give a forfeit."

But if the person says, "Parsnips, beans, veal, or ducks,"—"She likes them," is replied, and the player gives no forfeit.

This game is founded on a *conundrum*. It is the *letter o* in the word bones, which must be avoided. So that, not to be caught up, answers must be given of meats which do not contain in their names the letter *o*, such as *meat, bread, fruit*, &c.

The Conjurer.



THE cunning of this game consists in guessing a word which is placed after several others. It is generally agreed to put it after an object with *four feet*, such as a quadruped, or a piece of furniture.

EXAMPLE.

IF Emilius wishes to make Henry guess the word which Palmyra has whispered to him, he says to him, "Palmyra has been to market, she bought a dress, some flowers, a jewel, a *bureau*, a HAT, a shawl," &c.

Henry can easily guess that a *hat* is in question, because the bureau, after which it comes, has four feet.

The Cherries.



EACH of the persons composing the company take the name of a fruit, as Pear, Apricot, Peach, Plum, &c. On the table a basket of cherries, with long stems, is placed.

Then the leader says, "Who wants cherries?" Each one says, "I," and takes one. All seat themselves except the Questioner, who remains standing in the middle of the circle, and he says, "I would give my Cherry for a Pear," or any other fruit he chooses to mention. The person named Pear replies, "I have a pear." "Well," says the Questioner, "give me your pear, and I will give you my cherry." "Which end will you take it by, the head or the tail?" The Questioner says, we suppose, "By the stem." Then the person has several modes of obeying: one is, to put the stem in his mouth, and let the fruit be taken, or to place it in his hair, his slipper, or under a lamp, &c. There is quite another way of replying to this answer, "By the head," which is to fling the fruit at the person's head who answers. Then, confused and humiliated, he says, "The *pear* is not ripe." He gives a forfeit, and begins with another fruit which he chooses to have, which sometimes ends as before.

Sometimes, instead of beginning "By the head,"

the Questioner answers, "By the stem." Then the person questioned hands him the stem, holding the cherry in his fingers, and lets him take it entire. By this means he is made easy, and gives, or pretends to give, his cherry to the one who takes his place.

If, instead of holding it in her fingers, the person questioned puts it in her mouth, the other takes the end, or stem, but in vain, for the fruit comes off, and then the Replier swallows it, the Questioner bearing away the tail, which tricks him, and he must give a forfeit. His only resource is to offer his cherry to another, who tries to catch him as the other did.

The King and the Clothes.



OUR ancestors were very partial to the following game, and for this reason we must give it to our readers.

First, a King and Queen are chosen, who are placed on an elevated throne, at one end of the parlour; then a slave is pointed out, who is seated on a stool at the foot of the throne.

The King calls by name some one of the company, and says to him, "Come near, my slave."

If the person called does not know the game, she approaches, and gives a forfeit for her pains, and is obliged to take the place of the slave, (which she is suffered to do without the reason being told her, so as to mislead others.) If she knows the game, she says, "Sire, shall I dare?" The King replies, "Dare." She then approaches, and says, "I have obeyed, sire; what shall I do?"

The King then tells her to take off from the slave any part of his clothing he pleases to designate; but the other, under the same penalty, must not proceed without saying first, "Shall I dare, sire?" to which the King again replies, "Dare."

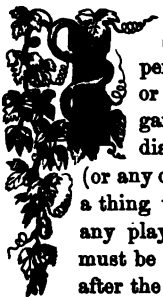
After the execution of this order the person says again, "I have obeyed, sire; what must I do?" The King orders something else, or says, "Return to your place," which the player must take care to do immediately, if she wish to avoid a forfeit or becoming a slave; but she must reply, "Sire, shall I dare?" and must only return when she receives permission to "dare."

It is, of course, very rare for any one to have several things taken off, because the person called to do so neglects, sooner or later, her formula, and becomes a slave in her turn.

The Whistle.

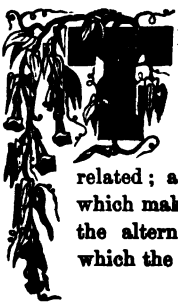
A WHISTLE is attached to the coat tail of the person who is to be tormented, who knows nothing of it. He is placed among the players, and another whistle, not tied, is shown him. Some one, to whom his back is turned, seizes the whistle and blows it. The first turns abruptly round at this noise, but the one who has blown, not less alert, has dropped the instrument. The tormented turns here, there, and everywhere, while some one else seizes the whistle and sets him off again. New movements on the part of the mystified; who, after several turns, tired of his useless searches, gives up in despair, and gives as many forfeits as are required to get him out of such a scrape.

"Pigeon Flies"



IS a very simple game, in which all the persons present place a finger on a table or on the knees of the Conductor of the game, and must raise this finger immediately when that person says, "Pigeon (or any other fowl) flies!" If, through malice, a thing which does not fly is mentioned, and any player raises her or his hand, a forfeit must be given; and also if he does *not* raise it after the name of a winged bird or insect.

The Devil take the Hindmost.



HIS game is an amusing variety of "The Little Old Man's House," and "The Key of the King's Garden," and others, from which it only differs by the improvisation of the story related; and this story has a particular end, which makes forfeits, as well as any mistake in the alternative repetition of the phrases of which the story is composed.

EXAMPLE.

The Conductor of the game says to his right-hand neighbour—

"Here is an engraving"———. At this interruption, and those following, the neighbour must repeat the words to her neighbour. It is the same with the latter and the others. When the last of the circle brings it round to the Relater, he resumes—

"Here is an engraving which represents a young lady———arrested by three robbers———The first detains her———the second wishes to stab her——— but the third, seeing the military, cries, 'The devil take the hindmost.'"

At this cry all the company rise, except those who, not knowing the game, pay forfeit for the security which made them keep their seats.

Hot Cockles with Two



HOT Cockles with Two is a very old but very simple game, and is played, apparently, like the ordinary Hot Cockles, except that two Confessors, seated side by side, receive on their knees two Penitent's heads. Care is taken to pick out for one a person who does not know the game; and when both have their heads "in the sack," as it is called, the one who knows the secret rises, hits his own hand and the other's rapidly, then returns to his place and apparently rises when the other does.

It is easily seen that the one who does not know never guesses. The last, after several turns, names, in her turn, some one of the company, who takes the place in order to mislead the former, and the game continues until that one gives up, declaring himself at the mercy of the society. The rounds can be gone without another Confessor, by covering, with a thick cloth, the two Penitents' heads. A stick is shown, first in the hands of some one present, who places himself behind them, and both must be touched, and told to tell who it was. But it is the scond Penitent who strikes, and the result is the same as before.

The Selected Word.



BEGIN by arranging the company for "The Selected Word" as for "The Interrupted Conversation," from which it is derived.

Each player says, in the ear of his right-hand neighbour, a word, such as he chooses. In order to render the game more amusing, he must try to select an odd one, and to place it in the middle of his sentence.

When each one has his word (which he keeps secret) the first person who speaks to his right-hand neighbour, turns and asks some question of his left-hand neighbour, who is obliged, in his answer, to place the given word so that it may not be guessed by the person who interrogates him.

EXAMPLE.

SUPPOSE the given word be *cupidity*, and the person interrogated is asked, "Do you like walking?"

There is no connection between *cupidity* and *walking*, but this answer can be given:—

"I like walking; above all, in a handsome park, such as was formerly the park at Sceaux; but the plough has turned up the ground on which was built

the castle and its gardens. Nothing remains of so many fine things; cupidity has bought all, and destroyed all."

If the questioner does not guess he gives a forfeit: if he does, the *answerer* must give one for not having puzzled his questioner enough.

The Butterfly.

REFINED and delicate gallantry can render this game very agreeable to the ladies who share in it, and the malice of their replies contributes not a little to increase the charm.

All the gentlemen play the part of insects, such as the *Butterfly*, (who gives the names and sets the play a-going,) Wasp, Ant, Death's-head, Fly, Gnat, &c.

All the ladies take the name of a flower, such as Rose, Pink, Tuberose, Violet, Hawthorn, &c.

When all these names are distributed and well arranged, they must be remembered, and none pronounced which were not chosen, and the word taken up as soon as the speaker has pronounced the name of the person bearing it, which he must do with his eyes fixed on another person.

A name pronounced wrong, a question inappropriate or tardy, are so many faults requiring a forfeit.

EXAMPLE.

The Butterfly. "What embarrassment an Insect experiences who, like me, finds himself suddenly transported into a garden where so many Flowers are growing, each as beautiful as the other. First called by the perfume of the *Tuberose*"——

Tuberose. "Be silent, accursed Insect! I have not forgotten that yesterday your caresses caused the death of my fairest sister. I prefer the *Ant.*"

Ant. "Since you permit it, amiable Flower, that I should rise to the summit of thy precious cup, before the sun has finished half its course, I will seek there a refuge when the gardener comes with his watering-pot to give new brilliancy to your beauty. I had, until now, given my homage to the humble *Violet.*"

Violet. "I am, then, to have a little peace. In vain I hid myself beneath the grass; this accursed insect persecuted me as much as the most annoying *Wasp.*"

The Wasp does not fail to speak, and the game continues; but it is well to remark that the Insects cannot call upon any but Flowers, and a Flower cannot address any but an Insect.

Otherwise a forfeit must be given for each infraction of this rule, as also for the repetition of any phrase which another has employed in his or her apology.

All must try to bring into their discourse the *Sun*, the *Watering-pot*, and the *Gardener*. These three words, for which all are less prepared than for the

names of flowers or insects, generally produce many forfeits, because many of the players forget that when the *Sun* is named all must rise, when the *Gardener* is mentioned the flowers must extend their hands, as if to claim his attention; and the insects, frightened, pretend to fly, as if in fear of his presence; and that when the *Watering-pot* is mentioned all the flowers must stand up, as if refreshed by the water; and the insects, kneeling, appear annihilated by the same cause. These different postures must be maintained when the gentleman questioner, or lady questioner, names a flower or an insect, who speak in their turn.

The Slipper,



FORMERLY known under the popular title of "*The Clog*," can be played seated in a saloon or on the ground, in a garden or in the fields. It is generally to the country that the preference is given.

For accordance in this game there must be an uneven number. The one whom fate points out to commence it, stands up, out of the ranks, with the slipper in his hand; the others form a circle, alternately of a lady and a gen-

tleman, with their feet in the middle of the circle. The legs are not extended at full length, but a little drawn up out of the way, so that under the knees is a circular range for the slipper to pass. When the players are seated, the one who remained standing throws the slipper into the middle of the circle. A hand seizes it, and passes it right or left, under the knees of all. It is for the *Seeker* to have his eye on the watch to follow the traces, for it is sometimes a long time before it is found. From time to time, and when it is perceived that he is out, some one takes the slipper out of its hiding-place, and strikes it three times on the ground; then, while the seeker runs with the design of seizing it, he slips it hastily to his neighbours, who, when they can, repeat the same ceremony. Even when there is only time to let it go, the quickest seizes it and sets it going again.

If the seeker gives up himself a very fatiguing search, because he must stoop and run round the ring, he gives a forfeit, and receives from each player a hit with the slipper on his hands. If, on the contrary, he takes the place of the one who has it; that one seeks, in his turn, after giving a forfeit.

Before beginning this game, ladies should be sufficiently acquainted with the young men present to be sure that propriety will not be transgressed.

Hiding the Egg.



THIS is a real Carnival trick, which may make angry the mystified person with the others having the right to call him a bad player. It is better either not to play it; or, if it must be done, in moments of wild gayety, such as are occasional, and when all sorts of follies are acceptable. Either a person of extremely easy humour should be chosen, or one whom all wish to be rid of.

It is an imitation of the game of Pincers, but instead of a pin an egg is hidden, of which the hiding-place is easily found by five or six persons before the trick is played.

At the sixth or seventh round the persons seem puzzled to find a hiding-place. They propose to the victim to hide it in his hat, and they seat him on a chair rather low, so that the person seeking, feigning to be angry at not finding the egg, and warned by a glance, hastily approaches the poor dupe, and knocking his hat down, says, "Tell me where the egg is." The egg, squeezed between the head and the cap, breaks and mixes in the hair of the mystified player.

As it is not customary to remain covered, this can be remedied by establishing beforehand a King of the Game, who changes every round, and whose distinctive

mark is a cotton bonnet, or a paper cap of a queer shape.

When the searcher of the egg sees the bonnet on the head of the victim, he hesitates some time; then he smashes it down, saying, "Sire, tell me where the egg is hidden!" The poor fellow can only go and wash his head.

The Knife in the Pitcher.



MOUNTING on a chair, a player holds, with one hand, a pitcher full of water on his head. He puts a knife in his mouth, holding the blade between his teeth. After having laid a wager that he will make it go into the pitcher of water without touching it with his hand, all the others look at him. First, he tries, and he lets the knife fall several times; he begs some one to pick it up; some do so, in order to put confidence into the rest; but when the last advances in his turn, the better spills his pitcher of water on his head, and all the others laugh, except the *baptized*.

Games of Wit, Etc.



Games in which Gallantry can be shown, or Wit, or Learning.

The Alphabet; or, I Love my Love with an A, or a B.

FORMERLY, in this game, it sufficed to say, "I love my love with an A, because he is Amiable, Alert, Ambitious, Adroit," &c., and forfeits were only given for the repetitions of qualities, or for faults of spelling, such as the person would make who said, "Because he is *A*teful, *H*artful, *A*rdy, or *A*sty, (for these words are spelled Hateful, Artful, Hardy, and Hasty,) but its sameness caused additions to be made, which make it amusing and instructive.

The letter is agreed on, on which to play, because all can be successively used, and each speaker in turn carefully avoiding, according to the old rule of the game, faults of spelling or repetition, which cost forfeits.

The ladies say, "I love my love"—

The gentlemen say, "I love my sweetheart"—with an A, (we suppose,) because he (or she) is *Accessible;* because he (or she) is named *Andrew*, or *Angelica*. I give her an *Amethyst*, I feed her on *Asparagus*, and I present her a bouquet of *Anemonies*.

"I love"— with a B, because he (or she) is named *Bastian*, or *Barbara;* because he is *Boisterous*, or *Babbling*. I give her a *Boat* to come to meet me. I lodge her (or him) for a *Bagatelle*. I feed him (or her) on *Buckwheat cakes*. I give her a bouquet of *Bachelor's Buttons;* and so on with the letters, all except K and Q, which are too hard.

The Acrostic.



WHOEVER begins the game announces that he returns from market, where he bought an object, which he names, and of which the name forms as many letters as there are players present, without counting the pretended buyer. He then asks each what they will give him for one of the letters of a word which expresses the object bought. Armed with a paper and a pencil, he notes the offer made, which must always begin

with the letter he wishes to sell. Then he must read aloud all these offers, and declare in a succinct manner, although impromptu, the use he intends to make of the offered objects.

Here is an example for a company composed of ten persons, without counting the speaker.

"I return from market, where I bought a Dromedary; but I wish to sell him; (*to the first person,*) what will you give me for my D? An offer is made, of which the Orator takes a note, and so on with nine others. Then he says—

"It was proposed to give me for my

D a Turkey,
R a Rattle,
O an Organ,
M a Mattrass,
A an Aviary,
D a Diligence.
A an Artichoke,
I an Ivy,
R a Register,
E an Epistle.

"I accept all, and I intend to use them thus:

"I propose to return without delay to my native country, and, in order to avoid fatigue, I start in the *Diligence* with the *Epistle* in my pocket. If I am attacked on the road, I shall defend myself. I will then inscribe all my effects on the *Register*, and will make also a journal of my voyage. When I have nothing else to do in the coach, I will play on the *Organ* to amuse myself. Not far from here is my

stopping-place; I shall then arrive early in the morning. While waiting for my parents to rise, I will plant my *Ivy* in a garden where I remember one is wanted; and I will then play with my *Rattle*. During this time everybody rises. They come into the garden, which is raked and nicely fixed. All are surprised. They seek me, and find me at last in an arbour; they kiss me, and give me the handsomest room in the house; there I make the rest of my arrangements. I place my *Aviary* as a sentinel in a corner, and tell the birds to catch all the flies which may conspire against the freshness of my room. I eat with a good appetite, my *Artichoke* peppered. I spread out my *Mattrass*, when some hours' slumber naturally bring me to the hour of eating in the family, at which my *Turkey* will figure extensively."

This story ended, the ten other players, one after the other, make an acrostic of the same kind, remembering that there are forfeits due, first, for the choice of words which require more letters than players; secondly, for faults of spelling in the offered objects; and then again, for a repetition of the same offer.

The Bouquet.



COMPOSING, in turn, a bouquet of three different flowers, each player names them aloud to the leader of the game.

He (the leader) writes the names of the three flowers, and adds, without communicating his addition, those of the persons in the company, at his choice. He then asks of the player what he intends doing with the flowers he has chosen. The player mentions the use, and the Master of the Game applies it to the three persons he has noted down.

EXAMPLE.

The Master. "Miss Julia, choose your three flowers."

Julia. "The Marigold, the Bachelor's Button, and the Rose."

Master. "I have taken notes. Now what will you do with the Marigold?"

Julia. "I throw it behind me."

Master. "And the Bachelor's Button?"

Julia. "I place it in my window."

Master. "And the Rose?"

Julia. "I put it on my chimney-piece."

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Master. "Very well; you have cast behind you Mr. Adolphus, put in your window Miss Agatha, and put Mr. Julian on your chimney-piece."

"And you, Mr. Adolphus," &c.

The Bouquet with a Device.

EACH flower having a known meaning, satirical or favourable, each player chooses three, according to the person for whom they are secretly designed. He ties up the flowers, places a bouquet in a vase, engraves on the vase a design, (all analogous in their adopted meaning, and adapted to render it more plain,) and sends it to whom he pleases.

EXAMPLE.

A YOUNG person receiving with dislike insupportable addresses, expresses herself thus:

"I choose a Poppy, an Indian Pink, and a Thistle."

"The Poppy is the emblem of the ennui, which leads to sleep; the Indian Pink is the symbol of pretension; and the Thistle that of a crown, which pretension merits.

"I take to tie this bouquet the bridle of Martin the donkey.

"I put it in the coarsest flower-pot.

"I engrave on the vase the motto, 'According to people make your presents to them.'

"And I address all to Mr. ——, whom I relieve from any thanks."

A young man composes his thus:

"I choose a Rose, a Pansy, and a white Pink.

"The Rose is the symbol of beauty, the Pansy of wit, and the White Pink of virgin purity.

"I tie this with a strip of grass, a symbol of my constancy.

"I place it in a golden vase, on which I write, 'To Beauty adorned with Virtue.'

"I present it to Miss ——."

The History.

IN this game, as in that of the "Secretary," all the company must arrange themselves round a writing-desk; but instead of pieces of paper distributed to each person, as the question is to give a succinct story as well as possible, one leaf serves for all.

They agree aloud on the title of the story, and the person beginning the game writes only two or three lines, with the first word of the line to follow, added. This word serves as a text

to the next writer, and so on till the story is thought sufficiently complicated.

These ends of sentences sometimes produce funny complications.

EXAMPLE.

In a company composed of nine persons—four young ladies, (Olympia, Juliana, Leonora, and Caroline,) and five young men, (Augustus, Julius, Victor, Saint Prix, and Edward,) everybody being arranged round the tables, Edward proposes the Game of History, and gives publicly as title, "*The Fortunate and Unfortunate Adventures of Miss Palma.*"

This is all he lets the company see; then he writes secretly his two lines, and places third the word which is to serve as text to his right-hand neighbour. He then folds the paper above this word, and passes it to Caroline, who does the same.

Here is the result of these disconnected phrases; at the head of which we place the name of the person who is supposed to have written it, and taking care to indicate by italics the only words in the recital which they have been permitted to see.

FORTUNATE AND UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURES OF MISS PALMA.

Edward. "In a country not placed on the map by geographers, lived the young Palma, whose history I *write.*

Caroline. "It can only be a tissue of falsities, of which we shall be convinced on reading *it.*

Victor. "Reading was her favourite amusement, and her ill-directed choice soon gave her a turn of mind decidedly *romantic.*

Juliana. "Palma only thought of elopements, spectres, caverns, tours north and west, and of mysterious *brigands.*

Augustus. "Carried off by this band of rascals, she was soon confined in a sombre dungeon, with bread and water for her only *nourishment.*

Leonora. "How much the care which she took to supply the unfortunate with it, gave her of innocent *pleasure.*

Julius. "One morning when she was leaving a ball where she had had a great deal of dancing, the wheel of her carriage encountered a *flower-pot.*

Saint Prix. "Reduced to the extremity of picking it up herself, what a situation for a young person in a good *condition!*

Olympia. "What was asked of her was too much, and she would have preferred death to the necessity of such a *spouse.*"

SECOND ROUND.

Edward. "At last she is married. May she live happily in the bosom of her *family!*

Caroline. "Her's was a singular assemblage; it consisted solely of humpbacks, cripples, and *deformed people.*

Victor. "This to her was insupportable grief, and in

order to have no more, she put round her neck a worsted *stocking*.

Juliana. "Add to that a pair of clogs, which made her have bunions, and hurt the instep of her *foot*.

Augustus. "But she replied bravely, by gratifying her rival with a clover with five *leaves*.

Leonora. "Soon they began to fall from the stem, and the mourning of nature harmonized with that of her *heart*.

Julius. "Now that was her favourite dish. Every day Palma had a plate dressed and served up at her table, until that caused her to descend to the *tomb*.

Saint Prix. "All is over; she has sunk. Well may we say, 'On the border of the ditch is the *somerset*.'

Caroline. "All Paris united with Montmartre to see more easily the fireworks on this occasion."

Easily as many stories may be told as there are persons present, and the mixture of so many ideas, ridiculously assorted, produces always extremely comic recitals.

The Handsome Gentleman.



AFTER having prepared a great number of little twists of paper, the King of the game begins in this manner, by addressing the person seated in the midst of the company, on his right, a discourse which all the players repeat, one after another, in all its parts, and without addition or alteration, under pain of being called the "Ornamented Gentleman," instead of the "Handsome Gentleman," which is the name of the game.

"Good day, Handsome Gentleman, always handsome; I, a Handsome Gentleman, always handsome, I come from the Handsome Gentleman, always handsome," (her left-hand neighbour, whom she points out with her finger,) "to tell you that his eagle has a gold beak."

The second and those following repeat, as we have said, this formula: if one of them is mistaken, he receives a twist each time it happens, and on the following turn, in speaking of himself, instead of "I, Handsome Gentleman, always handsome," he says, "I, a Twisted Gentleman, &c., with (one, two, or three) twists," according to the number he wears.

The same way when he addresses a wearer of *twists*, he must say, (instead of "Good day, Handsome Gen-

tleman, always handsome,") "Good day, Twisted Gentleman, with (so many) twists."

On the second round, the King of the game adds, and the others repeat successively, a new quality to that of the eagle first mentioned;

As, *claws of brass;*

At the third, *ruby eyes;*

At the fourth, *silver feathers;*

At the fifth, *a heart of steel*, &c. &c.

This is prolonged at will; and the last act of the game is a gathering of forfeits proportioned to the number of twists distributed, and the reparation of Penitences, which the King and the Gentlemen always handsome take from the Twisted Gentlemen.

The Metamorphosis



SEEMS to have been founded on the "Stool," but it is more agreeable to play.

The person who has the best memory charges himself with collecting the votes. All the persons in the company are metamorphosed in turn; that is, they choose such an article or such a piece of furniture to serve them as an emblem. Generally, the ladies begin.

Suppose the choice of a lady fall on a glass, she says, "I should like to be a glass." The person who collects the votes addresses all the company, saying, "If madame was a glass, what would you do with her, what would you think of her, or what would you wish to be?" Then she (or he) approaches the persons in turn, collects the votes which are whispered to her, and remembers them, so as to repeat them, one after the other, to the metamorphosed person. Each person guessed at gives a forfeit; if the *metamorphosed* guesses at none, she gives the forfeit; and they pass to another metamorphosis.

The cunning of this game consists in applying delicate or mischievous phrases to the metamorphosed person, and that according to the emblem chosen. Suppose

a lady is metamorphosed into a pin, it can be said that *she is English, she is piercing, but that she attaches herself*, &c.

A gentleman may take the form of a secretary: it can be said that *he is of handsome make; that he writes very badly, in an indistinct manner; that he is badly made*, &c.

With a little imagination, there can be easily the most witty and amusing phrases invented here.

The Cock-and-Bull Stories



ESEMBLE the "Interrupted Conversation," every person present giving a word, while the one who is charged to put the questions holds herself off, in order not to hear.

When all the words are given, the Questioner approaches and addresses to each player a particular question, to which is abruptly answered the chosen word, which makes a funny conversation.

This game only has the difficulty of giving good questions, and varying them, so as to serve for all sorts of answers.

Suppose the persons composing a company have each chosen a word, and the Questioner (Emilius) to have made to each a remark—

Emilius. "How do you go?"
Adele. "On a chair."
Emilius. "Do you like reading?"
Emma. "With a little sauce."
Emilius. "Have you good friends?"
Adolphus. "One at a time."
Emilius. "Do you like dancing?"
Virginia. "In my boudoir;" &c. &c.

The Rhymes.

GIVING an answer of which the first word rhymes with the last of the demand addressed to you, is the difficulty of this game, which makes many forfeits.

EXAMPLE.

The company is ranged in a circle, intermixed with ladies and gentlemen, who interrogate their right-hand neighbours. These reply, and go on questioning to the right, and so on, thus:—

A Lady. "How is your *aunty?*"

A Gentleman. "*Jaunty* as possible. What will you do on *Sunday?*"

A Lady. "*Monday*, I have a balloon fight at Saint Cloud. Have you a good *appetite?*"

A Gentleman. "*Quite.* Do you love *company?*"

A Lady. "*Not any.* When are you at *home?*"

A Gentleman. "*Some*times. Are you not afraid of being *caught?*" &c.

If you can find a word without rhyme, give it. The player thus answered is obliged to give a forfeit, as are those who do not immediately find rhymes.

Pinch without Laughing.

IN this game each player must pinch the nose of his or her neighbour; and if that person laughs, they give a forfeit: while pinching they ask odd questions. The person who laughs in questioning or replying gives a forfeit, and they seek mutually to make each other laugh.

The fun of this game consists in putting two or three persons who know it against two or three who have never played it. The cunning ones blacken their fingers with a burnt cork; in

pinching their neighbours, they laugh at their expense; they also laugh at seeing the others blackened, not knowing that they are in the same plight themselves, which makes many forfeits.

The Signal.

BEFORE beginning this game, men and women, in equal number, proceed separately to the nomination of two Verifiers, taken from the sex which chose them. All the players then seat themselves in a line, of which the ladies occupy the right wing, and the gentlemen the left. At each extremity a table, with what is necessary for writing, is placed, before which the Verifiers seat themselves, these being the materials for the game. They give out, first, on each side, a series of questions in *threes*, in a number equal to the couples in the company. The questions are thus disposed:—

For the Ladies.—If I should decide to take a lover, I should wish him to have—

First Lady.....Hair,
Eyebrows,
Complexion.

Second Lady.....Forehead,
Nose,
Chin.

Third Lady.....Eyes,
Cheeks,
Ears.

Fourth Lady.....Mouth,
Teeth,
Neck.

Fifth Lady.....Chest,
Shoulders,
Mien.

Sixth Lady.....Arms,
Hands,
Nails.

Seventh Lady.....Knees,
Legs,
Feet.

For the Gentlemen.—If I should conclude to have a sweetheart, she must have, to please me—

First Gentleman.....Figure,
Face,
Sound of voice.

Second Gentleman....Birth,
Fortune,
Talents.

Third Gentleman.....Character,
Heart,
Wit.

Fourth Gentleman....Sight,
Hearing,
Smell.

Fifth Gentleman.....Feeling,
Taste,
Carriage.

Sixth Gentleman.....Sleep,
Appetite,
Memory.

Seventh Gentleman...Health,
Fashion,
Inclinations.

These questions are according to the number of players.

When they have been written on both sides, the female Verifier addresses the lady nearest her, and begs her to fill up the blanks remaining on the three parts of the question: she writes, we suppose—

After Hair, *brown;*
" Eyebrows, *gray;*
" Complexion, *olive.*

The second lady replies to the several questions by writing as she pleases.

During this time the male Verifier addresses the gentleman at the head of his line, and requests him to write his taste at the end of the three questions placed for him. He writes then, we suppose—

After Figure, *middling;*
" Face, *open;*
" Sound of voice, *hoarse.*

The others add what they please to the proposed questions.

When all are filled, the Lady Verifier proposes to the first gentleman the question addressed to the first lady, saying—

"Did you design choosing a sweetheart, what colour would you wish

	Answers.
Her Hair?	Light.
" Eyebrows?	Red.
" Complexion?	Yellow.

The Verifier takes notes of these replies; then returning to the lady, he asks her, article after article, what her taste is, and notes it also. He then returns to the gentleman, to know his ideas, which must be different from the lady's. If both have agreed in the choice of a colour or indication, the company discuss the two answers, and that which gives the least satisfaction, from its justice or its oddity, owes a forfeit.

The male Verifier follows the same routine with the ladies, and interrogates them, one after another, on their taste regarding the gentleman whose rank corresponds with theirs; then he has the reasons stated which influence each, and so on till all are discussed.

Care must be taken not to add twice the same quality in any series of questions, as brown hair, or brown eyebrows: it would be a forfeit.

The ill-fated gentleman who by chance attributes to a lady a quality which that lady has written down, can only get off with a forfeit.

The Stool.



BOTH memory and wit are needed in this game: the first, for the President, who is to receive secretly the accusations brought to her by the other players, who are so many Judges, and who must question on every article him whom fate or his own will has placed on the Stool; the second, wit, is necessary for the Judges, to bring fine and delicate charges, which cannot offend the self-love of the Accused.

Here is the process of the game:—

The assembly form a half circle, in the middle of which is seated the President; the Criminal is placed opposite on a stool, and the President opens the session:—

"Illustrious Judges, do you know why N——, the accused, is on the stool?"

"We know."

Then all the Judges approach successively the President's ear, and tell him in a whisper the reasons they choose.

The voices gathered together, each takes his place, and the President, addressing the pretended Criminal, says—

"Such a one accuses you"—of such a thing. He then details the accusations. "Do you know who is your denouncer for each of these things?"

The Accused recapitulates them, and at each one names one of the Judges. If he mistakes each, he gives a forfeit, and, remaining on the stool, must reply to new accusations: if he guesses one of his denouncers, that one takes his place, gives a forfeit, and waits till process is made against him.

This game requires great attention on the part of the Judge-Accusers. They must consider the age, the sex, and the external qualities, and those of the mind, of the Accused. When they wish to pay a compliment, they must not speak of a quality which she has not, or which is exaggerated, for it would become ironical; if they speak of a fault or a foolish defect, it is better to accuse the person of a false one than a real one, which last would appear rude. It is necessary, in general, to avoid all excess, and observe the rules of politeness rigorously; for their forgetfulness causes many quarrels, in play as well as social relations.

The Secretary.



THIS game can be played in two ways; for both, the company must surround a table covered with pens in sufficient number, and all materials for writing.

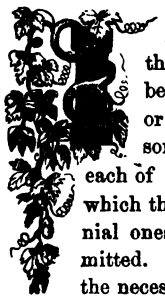
The Secretary (the name of the leader of the game) distributes to each player a white card or a square of paper.

When all have agreed to follow the old process of the play, all write legibly their names at the head of the paper given them, and give it to the Secretary, who carefully puts all these papers, and has one taken at hazard by each person, without his letting the others see the name fallen to him. Then each, separately and without constraint, writes beneath the name what he thinks of its bearer, folds his manuscript, and gives it again to the Secretary, who, after having collected all, mixes them again, and reads them aloud, without allowing the handwriting to be inspected. The reading finished, all the papers are burned, in order to avoid the quarrels which might arise from the mischievous things therein written, if their authors were known.

As this game often degenerates into dangerous personalities, here is a new way of playing it, which does not lead to similar results:—

When the Secretary distributes his loose leaves, each adopts a name according to his humour or the qualities he chooses to attribute to himself, and writes it at the head of his square of paper after his real name, without letting his neighbours see what he has chosen. This done, the Secretary gathers all his leaves together, and hastens to inscribe on as many squares as he takes the name *adopted* by one person, mixes all the squares, and distributes them to each player, who, torturing himself to find out whose name it is, writes a strange portrait, which he signs with his adopted name. In this manner, the eulogy of a person is made who would not have been spared if his real name had been known; and others pitilessly dealt with to whom something agreeable would have been said. The result is still more amusing discussions, when the Secretary, after reading all the papers, names the masks; and no one has any right to be angry, or to be proud of praise which was given at hazard.

Written Confessions.



IN this game, the persons who amuse themselves thus must be an equal number of men and women, with a gentleman or lady besides, who is chosen for Confessor. This grave personage distributes to each of his Penitents a square of paper, on which they must write three mortal sins or venial ones, which they remember to have committed. Then they make a little discourse on the necessity of showing the greatest frankness in this act of humility. The Sinners receive respectfully the moral and the square of paper; they write their names at the top of the leaf, and place beneath the avowal demanded. Then they place it in the hands of the Confessor, who forms two different piles of the gentlemen's and ladies' confessions; he then mixes these together, and taking in each the confession chance has placed above the others, he calls the gentleman and lady to whom they belong, and reads aloud the contents; and if the two papers indicate similar faults, the Sinners are absolved and sent away, side by side, to occupy two seats in the circle. If, on the contrary, the sins are dissimilar, he announces that they must prepare to endure the punishment which the company may judge suitable to impose upon them,

and places them in opposite corners of the room, to wait till the confessions are verified.

After the verification, the absolved Sinners (and, separate from or with them, the Confessor) point out the penances; and as they are executed, the guilty, re-entering the girdle of the company, join her in pronouncing the fate of the remainder.

Here are some examples of confession:—

Honorine.

I accuse myself of having passed too much time at my toilet, of loving to surround myself with adorers, and of trying to depreciate the merit of my rivals.

Julian.

I accuse myself of preferring the pleasures of the table to the duties of my salvation, gaming to working, and of loving the fair sex above all things.

Confessor.

However natural these defects may be, I cannot excuse, because neither sympathizes with the other. Go, each of you, to a corner, you here, to await the penance which our wisdom shall impose upon you.

Juliana.

I accuse myself of voluntarily speaking against my neighbour, and of being subject to anger and jealousy.

Adolphus.

I accuse myself of a natural inclination to find rivals in all who approach her I love, of fits of passion of which I hate the violence, and of speaking against those who displease me.



THE SORCERER BEHIND THE SCREEN.

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Confessor.

You are both very guilty, but, as there is a conformity between your faults, you are excusable. Re-enter the circle, and try to better each other's morals, &c. &c. &c.

The Sorcerer behind the Screen.

SOME one is placed behind the door of a room next the one in which the players are, who have many forfeits; all the rest of the company place themselves out of his sight, and the leader of the game cries out to him—"It is ready. Are you there?" "Yes." "Let us begin. Do you know Mrs. *Such-a-one?*" (one of the ladies present.) "Yes." "Do you know her dress?" "Yes." "Her shawl?" "Yes." "Do you know her slippers?" "Yes." "Her kerchief? Her gloves?" "Yes." "*And* her gold wedding-ring?" "Yes." "You know, then, all her dress?" "Yes." "Her belt?" "Yes." "The trimming of her skirt?" "Yes."

The Questioner adds as many things as he pleases, or varies them at will; the other replies, always, "*Yes.*"

"Since you know them so well, tell me what I am holding her by."

If the Sorcerer is not up to the game, he names an infinity of things before the right one, and he gives a forfeit for every error he commits; he also gives one when he speaks of an article of which the Questioner has not spoken.

If he knows the game, he will say, "You hold Mrs. —— by her *wedding-ring*;" because that is the only article before which the conjunction *and* was placed, which is the word of recognition for the initiated.

When they want to tease any one, they mention beforehand two or three Sorcerers before him, who know the end of the game; these feign two or three times to be mistaken, in order to awake no suspicion; and when the last of them has hit the right, (which he might have done from the first,) as it is always the Sorcerer who chooses his successor, he designates the poor dupe whom they have first agreed to amuse themselves with.

Marriages and Divorces.

MARRIAGES FROM SIMILARITY OF DISPOSITION, AND DIVORCES FROM INCOMPATIBILITY OF HUMOUR AND TASTE.



HERE are two games forming but one, but there is resemblance in the process in both.

The assembly begins by ranging themselves before a table; the ladies are then seated on one side, the gentlemen on the other. The man and woman who are placed opposite each other are the future spouses in the game of Marriage, and the discontented spouses in the game of Divorces.

If there be one or several ladies or gentlemen over when the couples are formed, they compose the Tribunal; if there are none, one of the couples is taken for it. Each person then takes a square of paper, and, without consulting anybody else, traces there the sketch of his character.

When all are ended, which should be done as briefly as possible, the Tribunal, which sits at the upper end of the table, gravely calls the two future spouses that are farthest off from him, and takes their papers, on

which he reads aloud the defects or qualities they attribute to themselves. If there is between them a great analogy of character, they are declared married, and called to make part of the Tribunal; if, on the contrary, their tastes are opposed, the Tribunal declares that there is no marriage, and each gives the other a forfeit.

The difference for the *Divorce* is, that the marriage is confirmed when there is a similarity of dispositions, and both are constrained to give a forfeit for having demanded their separation wrongfully; while, on the contrary, it is dissolved when the incompatibility is real, and the divorced parties are called to increase the number of Judges.

This game, as may be seen, is somewhat similar to the Confession and others.

Proverbs by the Dumb.

EACH of the players must make, in his turn, a Proverb, and render it sufficiently intelligible for a person to repeat it aloud. But as it may happen that he is not understood, they begin by naming a President (or Presidentess) practised in this game, who has the right to demand explanations from the Proverb-maker, when everybody has given them up, and which go to a vote to know whether they are admissible or not.

In case of admission, all the players who have not been able to guess give a forfeit: in case of rejection, it is due from the one who could not make himself comprehensible.

EXAMPLE.

First Proverb.

A lady rubs for some time, with her nail, the back of her hand; then she shows the redness thus occasioned, and makes it understood that it smarts.

A player cries, "I know it! It is, 'A constant dropping will wear away a stone.'"

Second Proverb.

A gentleman goes to the wood-pile, and takes a number of pieces, which he brings away in his arms, dropping some on his way.

His Proverb is, "Who tries to grasp too much, holds ill."

Third Proverb.

They take in a basket a fruit which is carelessly eaten; then another, which goes down more easily; then a third, a fourth, and so on, with constantly increasing avidity.

This means, "Appetite comes with eating."

Fourth Proverb.

A player takes a stone, which he pushes before him on the floor. The stone makes several bounds, and does not stop till after having gone over a large space; then he picks it up, and gives it to everybody around to examine, but no one can guess. "Nothing is clearer, however," says he: "'A rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

The Compliments.

A CIRCLE is alternately formed by ladies and gentlemen. Politeness demands that it should be a lady who begins the game.

"I should like," says she, "to be *such or such an animal.*" (The more abject and repulsive, the harder will the compliment about to be addressed to the lady be to find.)

Suppose, however, she choose the Wood-Flea. She demands of her left-hand neighbour what he will make of such a strange choice.

This one, *who owes her no compliment*, simply replies, according to the known nature of the creature, "All living animals will fly your place of abode."

The lady, to her right-hand neighbour. "What advantage do you find in it?"

Reply. "That of taking you from the crowd of admirers, which your modesty causes you to look upon as importunate."

If the first gentleman pays a compliment, and the second pays none, they each owe a forfeit.

It is then the turn of the complimenter to form a wish; he wishes, for instance, to be a *Goose*. Then he asks the lady whom he has just complimented if she can guess his motive. "It is," replies she, "to inhabit, at your wish, water or earth." Then addressing the

lady who has the seat on the right—"What advantage should I derive from such a metamorphosis?" "The hope so dear to your country some day, as did the *Geese* at the Roman Capitol."

Only one round is made in this game, because nothing, after a time, becomes more wearisome than compliments, however merited. They must go the rounds, however, in order to deprive nobody of the little part which returns to him, and flatters his self-love, even with the least vain.

The Three Kingdoms.*



HE who proposes this game retires to a neighbouring room, while the rest of the company consent to give him some word to guess. When the choice is made, he is called back. He has the right to ask twelve questions, which first go on the Kingdom of nature to which belongs the object, which designate the object agreed on, or the actual state in which this object is, the country where it is most commonly found; finally, the metamor-

* There are three Kingdoms in nature, viz.:—
The Animal Kingdom, which comprises all that has life and motion,

phoses which it can undergo, its uses, and its qualities. The players must reply in a way which shows what the object is, leaving, however, some doubts. However, those who give false ideas owe a forfeit. The Questioner who does not guess after twelve questions recognised as available by the company, must give one in his turn, and go away to shut himself up till another word is chosen, when he must try again.

EXAMPLE.

The Questioner, who has heard the signal, re-enters, and asks the following questions:—

1. "To what Kingdom does the object thought of belong?"

A player replies, "To the Vegetable Kingdom," with a mixture of any other Kingdom.

2. "Is it naturally growing, or put in use?"

"Put in use."

3. "Is it a piece of furniture?"

and also all which comes from a living thing, (or animated being,) such as Horn, Ivory, Skin, Hair, Wool, and Silk, &c. &c.

The Vegetable Kingdom, which comprises Trees, Plants, Flowers, Leaves, Fruits, Bark, and, in a word, all which the external world produces, and which has life without motion.

And the Mineral Kingdom, which comprises all which has neither life nor motion, like Stones, Diamonds, Metals, &c. &c.

An object can belong at the same time to two or three Kingdoms. A shoe, for instance, is of the Animal Kingdom, from the leather and skin it is composed of; to the Vegetable Kingdom, from the thread with which it is sewed; and to the Mineral Kingdom, if it is garnished with nails or points.

We must, then, before proposing a word, discuss the different parts which attach it to any Kingdom.

"No."

4. "Its ordinary use?"

"Is to be, in regular places, covered with spots of a different colour from its own."

5. "In what country is it most commonly made?"

"In Auvergne, Normandy, Limoges, and Holland."

6. "Oh! oh! If it is not cloth, I do not know what Auvergne, Normandy, and Limoges are celebrated for."

"No; but cloth is in the matter."

7. "What metamorphosis does it undergo?"

"A very great one: it is thrown into water, bruised, reduced to a pulp, then brought to a solid state, as we see it now."

8. "It is, then, *Paper*."

"You have guessed."

The person whose answer causes the word to be guessed gives a forfeit, and becomes a Questioner in his turn.

Let us suppose that a word is agreed on which he seeks to find out. He begins by asking the same question as the former:—

1. "To what Kingdom does it belong?"

"To three Kingdoms."

2. "Is it, then, put to work?"

"Yes."

3. "Is it a piece of furniture?"

"A portable piece of furniture."

4. "What is its usual use?"

"To keep off the *damp*."

Some one observes that this is not correct, and the Respondent owes a forfeit. This one replies, "The

Deuse! If I were to say that it is to keep *rain* off, it would be guessed in a moment."

Questioner, quickly. "It is an *Umbrella*."

"Ah! I could not save my forfeit. How provoking!"

"Go, go hide; you must guess in your turn," &c. &c.

In effect, the Umbrella belongs to the Animal Kingdom, from its cover of taffety and its pieces of whale; to the Mineral Kingdom, from its wires and iron trimmings; and to the Vegetable Kingdom, from its handle of some kind of wood.

Paper, made of old rags, is purely of the Vegetable Kingdom, since cloth is made of flax or hemp, which are vegetables.

Penances

WHICH DO NOT REQUIRE ANY MOTION, ATTENTION, OR MEMORY.

FOR Penance, the first thing which comes into one's head can be mentioned, provided it be among possibilities; but they are very stale if they are limited to ordering the Penitent to *kiss* some one pointed out, and make him make *three little pies*, to send him to *look if I am somewhere else*, and such things, at the end of plays with birds in them, as "Pigeon Flies," "Little Old Man is still Alive," "Ox's Feet," &c.

They must present some interest, be discussed with wit, and even proportioned to that of the person who is to execute them. We are going to mention a sufficient number, which are at least as amusing as the games which lead to them.

The Extinguisher.

PASS rapidly before the nose of the Penitent a lighted candle, which he must blow out as it passes. This is harder than one would think.

The King of Morocco.

ARMED with a candle, the Penitent goes to put another in the hands of a person of the opposite sex; then both go to an opposite end of the room. There they take a grave air, and advance toward each other with a measured step. When they meet, they raise their eyes to heaven, say some words in a sepulchral tone, and go back different ways, with their eyes down.

This is repeated as many times as there are phrases in the following dialogue:—

The Gentleman. "Have you heard the frightful news?"

Lady. "Alas!"

Gentleman. "The King of Morocco is dead."

Lady. "Alas! alas!"

Gentleman. "He is buried."

Lady. "Alas! alas! alas!"

Gentleman. "Alas! alas! alas! and for four times, alas!
He has cut his throat with a piece of glass."

Both end their walk with a solemn air, and then run gayly to their places.

The Parrot.



IN this, the person whom the Penance metamorphoses into a Parrot says to the players, one after the other, "If I were a Parrot, what would you teach me to say?"

Each player replies as his idea is. If a lady says, "Kiss, pretty Poll," the gentleman can profit by this circumstance to kiss; otherwise, he must repeat exactly each reply before passing to another person.

The Little Paper.

OF the same kind is another Penance, which consists in saying, "If I were a Paper, what would you do with me?"

The Replier is thanked in a serious or ironical manner, according to the use mentioned.

Doing the Mute.

THIS is to execute, without speaking, a Penance which each person in the company inflicts, one after another, and without pronouncing a single word.

The Statue.



THE Penitent is placed by each person successively in a ridiculous or awkward posture, which he must leave only to take another, while the round lasts.

Sometimes, this Penance has a difficult condition for the *Sculptor*, which is to employ a different hand from the last Posturer. If he forgets this formality, he becomes a Statue himself.

Kissing the Candle.

THIS is giving a kiss to a person who holds in his hand a lighted candle.

It is one of those little tricks which it is good to know, in order not to have a laugh at your expense.

The Deceitful Kiss.

A LADY advances toward the Penitent, as though to kiss him, but she turns away, and lets her nearest neighbour kiss her.

The Alms.

PENANCE to be done by a man. He kneels before a lady, and strikes her knees several times. She lets him languish there, saying, "Do you want bread? Do you want water? Do you want a cent? Do you want wine?" &c. To all these questions he does not answer, and continues to strike. At last she says, "Do you want a kiss?" At these words he rises and kisses the lady.

The Kiss with a Hood.

A GENTLEMAN and lady are placed back to back on their knees. Then both must turn their heads at the same time—one on the right and the other on the left, seeking to make their lips meet to give the ordered kiss. It is not forbidden for the gentleman to pass a gallant arm around the lady's waist, to spare her the fatigue and keep her from falling over.

The Pilgrimage.



CONDUCTING a lady into the middle of the circle, and introducing himself, with her, to all the persons present, the Pilgrim says to the gentlemen, "A kiss for my sister and a piece of bread for me;" and to the ladies, "A piece of bread for my sister and a kiss for me." The kiss is imperative.

Pouting.



THE person condemned to pout says, in the ear of the person who holds the forfeits, the name of the person he wishes to kiss. Then all the persons of the opposite sex go to the Pouter in succession, and present themselves to him. He turns his back upon all until the person mentioned comes, and then kisses her heartily.

Sighing.



HE who is condemned to this Penance goes into a corner and sighs. "For whom do you sigh?" is asked. A person of another sex is named, who is obliged to come to be kissed and to sigh in turn. Everybody, to the last, sighs then, and all range themselves in a long line. When it is complete, the first Sigher returns to his place, kissing all the persons of the opposite sex who are in the line; and all the others do so, to the last, who can kiss his own thumb, if he chooses.

The Measure of Love.



FOR a Penance, one or more Measures of Love are condemned.

He or she who receives this order must seek out a lady or gentleman, lead the person into the middle of the circle, take his hands in hers, extend them to the length of his arms, and give or suffer to be taken a kiss. With the same person as many "ells of love" are measured as there are condemned persons.

The Voyage to Cythera.



WHEN this Penance is ordered, the Penitent leads another person away, of the opposite sex, behind a screen or a door. There the gentleman presses the lady, and touches every part of her dress he chooses.

On returning from the voyage, they present themselves successively before all present, and the gentleman asks each what part of the dress he has touched. As long as they are mistaken, he kisses the place guessed. If it is guessed right, the gentleman kisses the lady, or is embraced by the gentleman, according to the sex of the guesser. If, on the contrary, no one guesses, the gentleman names aloud what he has touched, and kisses his lady again before conducting her to her place.

The Spirit of Contradiction.

IN order to fulfil this Penance, the contrary of the commands given by the company must be done. Happy is the man to whom the ladies say that they will *not* be kissed!

The Clock.



THE Clock Penitent places himself before a mantel-piece, and calls whom he pleases of the opposite sex. The person thus called asks what hour it is. The clock replies by giving any hour, and as many kisses as the number of the hours given are the result.

If he chooses, the person who has asked becomes a Pendulum in his turn, and all the company join in the Penance, imitating the two first.

The Bower of Love.



HE (or she) who receives this Penance takes a lady, (or gentleman,) whom he conducts to the middle of the hall, where both hold their hands enlaced and their arms raised in the form of a bower. Then the lady points out a gentleman, and the gentleman a lady, who must pass together under this Bower of Love; but when they have entered halfway, the arms are lowered, and they are held prisoners till they have kissed each other. This done, the arms are

raised, the imprisoned go their way, and stop to form another Bower; they call a third couple, who are to pay the same tribute, by passing under both, and then forming a third; and so on with all the gentlemen and ladies.

After all the company have formed Bowers, all return to their places.

Penances

MORE OR LESS AMUSING, FROM THE SECRET CONDITIONS IMPOSED OR THE MYSTIFICATIONS REQUIRED.

The Kiss by Chance.

THE Penitent takes the four Kings and four Queens of a pack of cards, shuffles them, and distributes them, without looking at them, to four ladies and four gentlemen present. The one who has the Queen of Hearts embraces the King of Hearts, and so on.

Meanwhile, the Penitent looks at them with a piteous expression; but he can put malice into it by giving his kings to the gayest of the young men, and his queens to the oldest ladies.

The Bridge of Lodi.

HERE the Penitent takes the same posture as in the Horse of Aristotle; that is to say, he gets on all fours, but remains still. Then a lady and gentleman seat themselves on his back, and kiss each other.

The Hare's Kiss.



A NEEDLEFUL of thread separates the couple who are thus to kiss each other; but, gradually eaten up at both ends, it meets in their lips, where it is so short that they touch, and the kiss is given.

The Voyage to Corinth.



HOLDING a white handkerchief in his hands, a gentleman is conducted round the circle by the Penitent, who holds in his a lighted candle.

The man with the handkerchief kisses, turn by turn, all the ladies, and very politely wipes the lips of his leader, who is an idle spectator of this scene, so little amusing to him.

The Nun's Kiss.

THIS is given through the bars of a chair, of which the wood has generally half.

The Convent Door

A PENITENT places himself at the door of a chamber, which he is to open and shut at the proper time. A gentleman retires to this sort of enclosure; when he has entered and is shut up, he knocks softly. The Porter opens, and the gentleman names a lady in a low voice to him, whom he desires to converse with. Then the Porter says aloud, "Brother N—— awaits Sister N—— at the grating." The lady is introduced and the door shut. A new knocking is heard; the Porter opens; the gentleman goes out, and the lady asks for another gentleman, whom the Porter introduces as before. This is prolonged so long as there remains to be called a person of a different sex from the last called; unless, to abridge the ceremony, some one calls *all the Convent* at once.

Then the Porter, who, under no pretext, has a right to enter or even to open the door, so long as no one has knocked, takes the little revenge of locking the door, and keeping everybody prisoner a little while.

The Exile.



HIS Penance requires, for one or more turns, that the person condemned shall go into the farther corner of the circle formed by the company, with whom he is forbidden to communicate.

It is from these that the *Exiled* orders the Penance, which requires the proprietor of the following Penance to do something, and he cannot leave his place till the time of his exile is expired.

The Horse of Aristotle.

ON this, the Penitent carries on his back around the circle a lady, whom all the gentlemen kiss in turn.

Kissing one's Beloved without its being Known.

DONE by kissing all the ladies present, one after the other.

The Tricks of Punch.

THIS is a lady's Penance. She who receives the order to execute it chooses a good friend; then she presents herself before a gentleman, kisses him, and gives the kiss to her companion. This kiss is repeated as many times as there are gentlemen present.

To be at the Discretion of the Company.

THIS is to have to do whatever, in his turn, each of the persons present orders.

Kissing one's Shadow.

ACCOMPLISHED by placing oneself between the light and the person kissed.

Kissing the Bottom of the Candle

MAY be done by kissing a person on whose head the Candle is placed.

Penances

WHICH REQUIRE GALLANTRY, WIT, AND SOMETIMES A PROFOUND COMBINATION.

The Chants.



HESE Penances are ordered mostly to a lady, and sometimes even to a gentleman whose voice is agreeable.

As all do not compose, attention must at least be paid to choosing from one's collection the Chant most appropriate to the reigning spirit of the company present. A single verse will suffice, unless the Penance prescribed requires more. If your song is composed of several, and you have been only asked for one, stop at the first, and do not sing the others until the company formally invite you, which will not fail to be done if you acquit yourself in a satisfactory manner.

We give no model, because pretty songs are found in a number of collections; and because all are suitable when decency is respected.

The Will.



ON receiving the order to to make his Will, the Penitent leaves to all those around him one of the physical or moral qualities he is supposed to possess. This Penance is an inexhaustible mine of compliments and epigrams, but the latter must be sparingly dealt with, or used with such address that they will not wound.

Proverbs.



N this the process is the same as that of the game in this volume under the head of "Proverbs by the Dumb."

The only difference is, that it is confined to the person condemned, or to several, to buy back their forfeits.

The Comparison.



PENITENT is ordered to compare a person present to some object, and then to explain in what she resembles or differs from this object.

A lady compares a gentleman to a sheet of white paper.

The resemblance is in the facility with which both receive a first impression: the difference being in the facility with which the man only can receive several, which are easily effaced.

A gentleman compares a lady to a clock. Like this piece of furniture, she adorns the spot she inhabits; but she causes the hours she remembers to be forgotten by others, &c.

The Bouquet.

SEE the game which bears this title. The Penance is executed in the same way, except that in this case the Bouquet does not go the rounds of the company.

The Emblem



IFFERS from the Comparison, because it offers a spiritual likeness between a person and an object.

A young man gives the Salamander as an emblem of a young lady. "Why?" says this one. "Because you live tranquilly in the midst of the flames which devour those who approach you."

A lady sees in a Well the emblem of an uncommunicative literary man. "It is deep," says she; "but one must take away what it encloses."

The Counsels.

THE Penitent gives aloud, or in a whisper, according to the order he receives, a piece of advice to all the members or one member of the company.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

PLACING himself in an arm-chair, the Penitent receives on his knees a lady, whom another gentleman comes and kisses.

Wooden Face.

HE who is condemned to this Penance goes and places himself, standing, with his back against a door. Thus posted, he calls a person of another sex, who places herself facing him. She calls a third, who places himself back to back with her; and so all the company, until the two last of the file are back to back. Then the leader of the game gives a signal, at which everybody must turn and kiss the person facing whom this motion leaves her. The result is, that the Penitent has before him the Wooden Face, (of the door,) to which he gives a kiss as tender as those the noise of which he hears.

The Thought

RESEMBLES "The Counsels," on the preceding page, very much. Instead of giving advice, some person tells one or all the company his opinion of them.

NOTE.—This amusement, like "The Counsels," exacts a great deal of circumspection, in order to wound no one.

The Secret which Travels.

TO execute this Penance, an intermingled circle of 'gentlemen and ladies is formed. The Penitent tells a secret to his right-hand neighbour, who repeats it to the next, and so on to the last, who finally tells the Penitent; and this one must declare aloud whether the Secret returns as it was given, which seldom happens, because of the multiplicity of mouths through which it passes, and the self-love it may have wounded, thus causing some one to alter it.

The Simple Confidence.

IT is to tell a secret in the ear of some one of the company.

If it is a lady who tells a gentleman, it must be amusing. If a gentleman tells it to a lady, the gallantry must be its merit.

Declaration of Love.



HE who is to endure this Penance must kneel before the young lady pointed out to him, or whom he loves best, and make his declaration in impromptu verses.

EXAMPLE.

In spite of your coldness,
You can be my joy.

If love appears to you a crime,
No one will pardon me this time.

The Reply to a Confidence.



A PENITENT places himself after two persons, the first of whom tells a secret to the next. He hears nothing, but he must arrange a reply, which he tells to the second person. Then this last repeats aloud what was said on both sides, which almost always forms a sort of interrupted conversation.

Confession.



PROSTRATED at the feet of a Confessor chosen by oneself, a person must reply truly to the questions he addresses you, of which here are examples:—

"Have you given your heart? Have you never taken it again from any one? Tell me the first letter of the name of him who possesses it. Describe him? What would you do with such or such a thing? What do you think of such a one? Tell your principal fault. Name your favourite perfection. How many friends have you?" &c.

The Compliment.



ACCORDING to the order received, the Compliment is addressed to one or several persons, or even all the company. It ought to be composed impromptu if asked in prose; if in verse, any madrigal suited to the character known as that of the person addressed, or the reigning spirit of the company.

Acrostic.



THIS is like a continuation of the game of the Alphabet, in which it is said, "I love my love with an A," or any other letter of the alphabet.

EXAMPLES.

Pleasure.

Qualities.	Imperfections.
P olite,	P resuming,
L aborious,	L azy,
E xcellent,	E gotistical,
A ssiduous,	A bominable,
S weet-tempered,	S ulky,
U seful,	U seless,
R eady,	R emiss,
E arnest.	E mpty.

Grief.

Qualities.	Imperfections.
G reat,	G rievous,
R ighteous,	R ambling,
I mpenetrable,	I mpertinent,
E xcellent,	E mpty,
F amous.	F astidious.

An Epistle with a Double Meaning.



A LADY hands a gentleman an epistle, which she says he has written against her, and invites him to justify himself. He does it by proving that half the letter has been torn off, and adds to each line other phrases, which establish an honourable sense with the person in question.

EXAMPLE.

Madame is unreasonable—
no one can love her—
feel for her a sincere attachment?
would be the most impossible thing—
And I will treat as an impostor—
any one who differs from me—

The gentleman who wishes to make such a letter agreeable has only to add these words:—

when she says that
Who can see her, and not
To remain indifferent to her
so many are her perfections.
as a fool, and as an idiot
about that amiable person.

Which re-establishes the text of the letter, thus:—

"Madame is unreasonable when she says that no one can love her. Who can see her, and not feel for her a sincere attachment? To remain indifferent to her would be the most impossible thing, so many are her perfections. And I will treat as an impostor, as a fool, and as an idiot, any one who differs from me about this amiable person."

The Use of Three Words.



OWEVER strange they may be, the Penitent must say how he will use three words given him.

EXAMPLE.

A lady says to him—

"Will you use three things I will name to you?"

"Yes, madam."

"This we shall see. What will you do with a Shower, a Sonnet, and a Scaffold?"

"I will use the Sonnet to celebrate your perfections; I will use the Shower to soak my rivals; and I will hang on the Scaffold any of them who shall dare to boast of favours he has not received from you."

To make a Venus,



WE take the attractions of each of the ladies present to make a perfect woman.

A *moral Venus* is made by taking from each a personal quality which distinguishes every one.

A young man, charged with this Penance, made, to acquit himself, this distinguished impromptu:—

"Why for a single Venus do you ask,
When to find *ten* would be my easy task?"

There were ten ladies present.

Rebuses.



Rebuses.

Rebus I.



HUNDRED, when writ in the shortest degree;
Two-thirds of a wood, the strongest you'll see:
Join fifty to these, from which will appear
A thing that is useful throughout the whole year.

Rebus II.



THING that annoys us both day and night,
And half of a city where learning shone bright:
To these must be joined the sixth part of a name
Whose equal is not in the annals of fame.
All rightly connected, there soon will be found
An enigmatist's name, famed the nation all round.

Rebus III.

WHAT female perfection men longest admire;
That charm of all charms which exalts their desire;
An assembly polite, by the fair ever graced;
A musical instrument fit for their taste;
A motive to marriage, too sordid to please;
What to change gives the languishing maiden's heart ease:
Join the initials of each proper word; you'll from thence
Find a partner that's sought for by all men of sense.

Rebus IV.

IF, direct and reversed, a denial you'll take,
You will have the time when I this Rebus did make.

Rebus V.

TWO-THIRDS of a person who is used to the seas;
Two-sixths of what merits the general praise;
What tradesmen must have ere a figure they make:
These show you a town, or I greatly mistake,
Where trade is extensive; and none there above it:
Whoe'er go through Devon must highly approve it.

Rebus VI.

A NOTED robber by bold Theseus slain;
A river all must pass, as poets feign;
A goddess fair, for chastity renown'd;
A faithful lover in the Hellespont drown'd;
A glorious queen in England once did reign;
A Thracian king by wise Ulysses slain:
The above initials, when collected, frame
A beautiful and gentle lady's name.

Rebus VII.

THE god that gave the curling vine;
A flower whose colours beauteous shine;
A beast that roams in search of prey;
A king that ruled with haughty sway.
The initials join'd, ye ladies fair,
An ancient city will declare.

Paradox I.

MULTIPLY right two-thirds of six
By just one-fifth of seven,
A number forty-five, ye wits,
In product's fairly given.

Paradox II.

YE ladies, I beg to the world you'll declare
How a pair is but one, and one is a pair,
And a thing which yourselves are too apt to wear.

Rebus VIII.

WHAT place of bliss, intended once for man,
Who caused its loss when all our wo began;
That dreaded space which has, we know, no bound;
And the last music Scripture tells will sound:
The initials join'd, a lovely nymph will show,
Graced with all beauties Nature can bestow.

Rebus IX.

IF Candalia's fair you'd know,
Take the initials mark'd below:
First, the messenger of Jove;
Next, a cow, his fav'rite love;
A city, now all Europe's pride;
Another bravest Greeks destroy'd;
The man whose wit a monster slew;
And him who first a hunter grew.

Rebus X.

ONE-HALF of a place we all hope to gain;
One-fourth of a passion that widely doth reign;
Two-fifths of what honest men always disdain:
These, duly connected, will presently show
The greatest of blessings enjoyed now below.

Rebus XI.

HALF the name of a tradesman, a dealer in leather,
And a place where with hounds we may game:
Take these two, and, when rightly they're join'd together,
You then will discover a merry town's name.

Rebus XII.

AN old piece of furniture, useful to all,
And two-thirds what each mortal may do,
Will name you a city which, though it is small,
Is throng'd with the belle and the beau.

Rebus XIII.

THE instrument that lovers use
Their am'rous passion to disclose,
When join'd to what I've often said
Her cheeks were like, being lovely red,
With ease a nymph will bring to view,
Who's kind, sincere, and virtuous too;
But though her name you now express,
For two to one you are to guess.

Rebus XIV.

A MEASURE, ye fair, that in Scripture is named—
The letters therein, if they're properly framed,
Disclose a large city, in days of yore famed.

Rebus XV.

THE bold commander who, from Greece,
Did sail to fetch the golden fleece;
The British prince who did prevent
The Danish Hubba's proud intent;
The noble herald of the morn,
Who acquaints you day is born;

A name that rules the British land;
And what becomes a soldier's hand;
The drowsy bird that rules the night;
The ruler of the ocean bright:
The initials join'd, the name will show
Of one who's learned, kind, and true.

Rebus XVI.

A FRAGRANT flower, by ladies much adored;
A grain Columbia doth in store afford;
A charm in maids that first attracts the sight;
A father's joy and most supreme delight;
A fruit, in form like the terrestrial ball;
A bird whose notes admired are by all:
If these initials you are pleased to join,
They'll name a fair in whom all virtues shine.

Rebus XVII.

LET *us*, ye fair, *five hundred* gain,
And near it place a trusty *guard;*
We then shall see, for all our pain,
If prudence guides, a sweet reward.

Rebus XVIII.

THE who in vain foretold the fall of Troy;
And she beloved by Priam's am'rous boy;
Cynara's son, by Venus mourn'd in vain,
When the fierce boar her lovely hope had slain;
The king whose son, by lawless conquest, hurl'd
Death and destruction o'er a bleeding world;
The faithful guardian of Ulysses' son,
Who taught him vice in all its shapes to shun;
The Grecian chief who for a girl did weep;
And he whose trident rules the roaring deep:
The initials join'd, you thence may quickly trace
"A maid unmatch'd in manners as in face;
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace."
Where Wear's fair stream its parent ocean joins,
The pride, the envy of her sex, she shines.

Rebus XIX.

A MAN of whose chastity wonders are told;
A place that was highly esteem'd for its gold;
A monarch who once from his throne was expell'd,
And dwelt many years with the beasts of the field;
A prophet who mounted triumphant to heaven;
A prince to whom wisdom and riches were given:
The initials, connected with proper regard,
Will name an ingenious Northamptonshire bard.

Rebus XX.

THE sable time when darkness vails the sun,
The part of day when work and labour's done;
A king's request, that heaven did impart;
An ancient pile raised by his skill and art;
A well-known grain on Columbia's plains;
The bird whose note the choicest fancy gains:
Join these initials, and you'll quickly find
A genius famed, of an exalted kind.

Rebus XXI.

THE lowest creature of the reptile race;
A useful liquid known in every place;
The bird that first salutes the early dawn;
A beast most fierce, ne'er seen on verdant lawn;
A kingly tree known on Columbia's ground;
A point well known to sailors in their round:
If you of these the initials please to take,
A county town of trade with ease you'll make.

Rebus XXII.

TAKE that which, when we possess, we no pleasure can taste,
And the initial of what we too frequently waste:
These, join'd right together, will quickly declare
What ruins the health of many a fair.

Rebus XXIII.

I'M a very odd carriage—I carry Sir John—
But yet the fair ladies ne'er waited upon;
This carriage turn backward, straight comes to your eyes
A thing Mrs. Snip does exceedingly prize:
Connect both together, directly you'll see
A place, when at rest, where the carriage should be.

Rebus XXIV.

THE first part of my composition
Is used by men of low condition—
Where those who won't such vessel use,
A basin or a tankard choose;
The next part is a simple word,
In constant use with clown and lord;
The last part of my patchwork frame
Is one of ten that I could name,
But theyr'e so common, all men know
That most men have them—ladies too,
In town and country, high and low:
These homely parts my frame complete;
I'm homely, too, but good to eat.

Rebus XXV.

THE king who first the use of honey found;
And he the scorpion gave a mortal wound;
A noble beast that verdant lawns ne'er roved;
The Arcadian nymph by Neptune much beloved:
If you these initials will join, they'll quickly explain
What's oftentimes known a false lover to gain.

Rebus XXVI.

TO an evergreen tree just fifty unite,
And to them join two-thirds of the organ of sight:
The author they'll show who this Rebus did write.

Rebus XXVII.

TWO fives join together; two fifties place near;
Divide them by one: and there'll quickly appear
A thing in which many their mind do declare.

Rebus XXVIII.

HALF a cardinal famed for ambition and pride;
And half of what hats oft are made:
A British commander they'll give to your view,
Crown'd with laurels that never can fade.

Rebus XXIX.

HALF of that place where man was first afraid;
Five hundred; and a useful quadruped;
Join these together, and you'll thus obtain
A mystery not easy to explain.

Rebus XXX.

A USEFUL beast, esteem'd by all,
Producing food for great and small;
A shelter slight in much repute;
A flower once emblem of dispute;
A dainty prized at city feast;
Two countries known by west and east;
A man of fame in holy writ—
Therein enroll'd for riddling wit:
The initials join, they'll surely name
A Wiltshire hero, most humane.

Rebus XXXI.

A JUDGE of Israel, who on Delilah's lap,
In Sorek's vale, indulged the fatal nap;
He who beheld the Almighty face to face;
And he whose rod brought wondrous things to pass;
That righteous man with whom two angels fed,
Rested the night, and ate unleaven'd bread;
He who on fiery steeds was wing'd to heaven;
He to whom wisdom, wealth, and fame were given:
Join these initials, and place Betty near—
You'll view a maid unequall'd and sincere.

Rebus XXXII.

MY sister and wife; and what with them I'd do,
A town in the county of Salop will show.

Rebus XXXIII.

PART of a day in every week,
Join'd to a charm near Delia's cheek,
Will an important state disclose—
The source of happiness or woes.

Rebus XXXIV.

A VOWEL, a swine, and a sheep, pray unite,
And they'll show you a thing, without fail,
Which, though least of its species, will oftentimes bite,
And carries a sting in its tail.

Rebus XXXV.

AN insect of note, with one-third of a grain,
The name of a liquor with ease will explain.

Rebus XXXVI.

FIRST take a small plaything, for man or for boy,
(Philosophers say the whole world's but a toy;)
To which add three-fourths of a female of fame,
Who, though hourly varying, is always the same:
These, rightly connected, a wonder will show,
That to form and direct few people yet know.

Rebus XXXVII.

TAKE what Chloe should to false Thyrsis have said,
And two-thirds of the answer he press'd from that maid:
Then tack them together; who looks but a-squint
May see both the sides of what's meant by this hint.

Rebus XXXVIII.

WHAT in Scripture is often recorded by name—
For uses most sacred you'll first find its fame;
You next from a farm-yard a female must take,
(Without her few housewives can make a good cake;)
To these, when connected, pray add, if you please,
Two-thirds of a jewel: it will make, with great ease,
What the curious may see, and wish to explain,
Which for ages has stood, and 'tis hoped will remain.

Rebus XXXIX.

A VOWEL unite to what's meant for the ground,
And a name of genius and merit is found.

Rebus XL.

WITH three-fifths of a Romish divine,
The reverse to beginning combine:
They'll show what so highly I prize—
For which all the world I'd despise.

Rebus XLI.

TO three-fifths what the Israelites fed on of old,
Add the place where the miser deposits his gold;
Next Judah's first son: then, without hesitation,
You'll find a town's name, famed for trade o'er the nation.

Rebus XLII.

ONE-HALF of a fop; and one-sixth of a bird;
Of thirteen one-eighth; of an answer one-third;
Two-fifths of a food that's of general use;
One-third of a grain that this land doth produce;
To these add the half of what ladies do wear:
The whole, when connected, the name will declare
Of a beautiful nymph, who in Lancaster dwells,
And most of her sex in each virtue excels.

Rebus XLIII.

THE heads of two shadows in order I place,
And fix myself aptly between:
When, my wishes to crown and my labours to grace,
A beautiful fair one is seen.
But beware, ye rash youths, who address the coy fair,
Fondly hoping her credence to gain!
Unheeded ye sing of your sorrow and care;
The fugitive laughs at your pain.

Rebus XLIV.

WHAT Columbians more than life esteem;
A judge in Pluto's realm, as poets dream;
The unhappy nymph who for Narcissus pined;
The place for the departed just assigned;
And she who o'er the liberal arts presides;
She who the unerring scales of justice guides;
And he whose trident rules the foaming sea:
The initials join'd, a fair one's name you'll see,
In whom is elegance of form combined
With every grace that beautifies the mind.

Rebus XLV.

WITH three-fifths of a *joint* join a father's delight,
(But be careful to cull the odd pieces aright:)
And you'll see such a nymph as is rare to be found,
For wit and good nature so justly renown'd.

Rebus XLVI.

TO two-thirds of a month, and two-thirds of a grain,
Add five-fifths of a bard who much honour did gain:
When these parts you've together in order combined,
Then the name of a fair one you quickly will find,
Who with beauty's so blest, and whose wit is so fine,
That she always appears as if something divine.

Rebus XLVII.

TAKE four initials from the winds,
And them in order place:
Then in an instant you will find
What oft we glad embrace.

Rebus XLVIII.

WHAT once bore heroes thro' the embattled field,
Join'd to the place that golden store doth yield,
Show what's in use with many a courtly dame;
See Archer's face, you'll quickly guess its name.

Rebus XLIX.

GUESS what's the reason why a man in years
Oft hangs a periwig about his ears,
And what it is that Bacchus holds so fine;
Three-fourths of this unto the first combine:
And you've a lady, in our northern sphere,
Who shines a pattern to the fairest fair.

Rebus L.

TO the symbol of innocence join
Three-sevenths of what Britons hold dear:
See a nymph on the banks of the Tyne
Whom crowds of fond lovers revere.

Rebus LI.

TO three-fourths of a clown join, of Abraham's race,
Three-fifths of his son, who abounded with grace;
To a musical instrument next you must add
The country where Abram his being first had:
These connect—a poetical fair you will find
In whose soft flowing verse wit with beauty's combined.

Rebus LII.

TO two-tenths of a cardinal virtue, ye fair,
Add one-third of an element, and they'll declare
To your ladyships part of my treat;
To a part of speech next, which the dative case shows,
Add three-fourths of a point whence the wind often blows,
And then your repast is complete.

Rebus LIII.

WHAT follows mortals through their life;
He whose ribs produced a wife;
What dishonest men we call;
She whose longing damn'd us all:
The initials join, and you will find
The constant bane of human kind.

Rebus LIV.

REQUIRED, that word in the English language
which some men love; from which, when you
have taken the initial, most men love; and again take
away the initial of this, it will show what that man is
that loves neither of the former.

Rebus LV.

WHAT happy place where Adam first did dwell,
Before he down by disobedience fell;
She whom am'rous Jove, in shape of bull, did gain;
And he whose trident rules the foaming main:
The initials join'd, from thence there will be named
An instrument for deeds immortal famed.

Rebus LVI.

UNTO three-eighths of Saul's beloved son
Be pleased to add one-half of Jacob's brother:
So will you quickly find, if rightly done,
The nymph of whom I am sincere a lover.

Rebus LVII.

IF to a cloister'd maid you join
What all must do whene'er they dine,
To these, reverséd, what we say
When we refuse to go or stay,
Unto the world will be display'd
The town where I this Rebus made.

Rebus LVIII.

THE royal title greets your listening ear;
The heathen's blissful seat your spirits cheer;
The son of Jupiter in music famed;
The daughter, too, by joyous sportsmen named:
The initials join'd, a lady will discover—
In earthly virtues none can be above her.

Rebus LIX.

THE ancient seat of every art refined;
An English king who Magna Charta sign'd;
A queen of Egypt for her beauty famed;
A Trojan hero who is often named;
A goddess that o'er wisdom bears the sway;
With him who to the savage beasts did play;

He who presideth o'er the watery main;
She whom Apollo courted, but in vain:
These few initials, join'd, will bring to view
A town in Yorkshire equall'd yet by few.

Rebus LX.

TO two-fifths of a visitor add, if you please,
One-fourth of a burden; and then unto these
Subjoin just one-half of a poem, right chosen,
Containing in lines little more than a dozen:
Will name you a nymph whom my heart doth approve,
And for whom my breast glows with the warmth of pure love;
Whose mind's so well furnish'd, her language so sweet,
That with her, when conversing, all time I forget.

Rebus LXI.

IF to a savage beast, ye fair,
A home-field you unite,
A singing bard it will declare,
Who stands in Co. polite.

Rebus LXII.

THE sweetest passion of the human soul;
A nightly bird which for its prey doth prowl;
What by no frail one ever is possess'd;
The fields where happy souls find peaceful rest:
The initials join, and you will quickly see
The lasting chain that binds society.

Rebus LXIII.

BEFORE a measure place a thing
For crookedness well known,
And what with pleasure you behold
Will then be clearly shown.

Rebus LXIV.

IF half a colour, ladies, you take,
And join it with dexterous art
Unto three-fifths of what we call
An introducer smart.
You then may pore with modest skill,
And view the modest flame,
So vail'd in darkness 'fore your eyes,
And nourish'd up with shame.



KISSING THE CANDLE-STICK

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Rebus LXV.

TWO-THIRDS of a colour, three-fourths of a kiss,
Will name you a puzzle for master and miss.

Rebus LXVI.

IF two angles you join,
And two circles combine,
And also five hundred unite,
There will clearly appear
A most beautiful fair,
Whose wit and good sense give delight.

Rebus LXVII.

TWO things in nature, soft and hard,
Omitting the last letter,
Will name an enigmatic bard,
Than whom, pray, who writes better?

Rebus LXVIII.

AN ancient god that's often named;
A river for oblivion famed;
The place where happy souls do dwell;
A point that's known to all so well;
Those who are wreathed with honour'd bays,
And celebrated for their lays:
Collect the initials, and you'll find
What's often sought by all mankind.

Rebus LXIX.

TWO three-sevenths of a place where the farmer secures
His rich stores, as the winter advances,
And the half of that queen who to love fell a prey,
Shot quite through by the Trojan's sly glances,
Add one-fifth of what may in most meadows be found,
Not so fragrant as lilies or roses;
With two-sixths of what Pindar, called Peter, displays
When a poem or ode he composes.
To her countryman, though he's known only by fame,
Adelina this Rebus addresses:
'Tis his verse she admires; 'tis his name
Which the genuine answer expresses.

Rebus LXX.

A DREARY cave where savage beasts frequent;
The fields where happy souls find sweet content;
And he who rules the fluctuating main;
A well-known root that grows on Britain's plain:
The initials join'd, they'll quickly bring to view
A maid sincere, and parallel'd by few.

Rebus LXXI.

SIX letters do compose my name—
If you get in me, you're to blame;
Take one away, and you may be
In me without impunity;
Subtract one more, and what is left
Will name a crime as bad as theft;
One letter less: and then you'll find
What is to mischief much inclined.

Rebus LXXII.

IF you unto fifty just half an inch join;
Between one hundred and fifty a cipher combine;
Then half a denial connect to the same:
And you will discover a fine city's name.

Rebus LXXIII.

TO a serpentine letter be pleased to join
Three-fifths of a low piece of ground;
Then one-sixth of the goddess of silence combine:
And the name of a bard will be found,
Who writes in so sweet and harmonious a strain
That none can excel his sweet verse;
Long may our pages resound with his fame,
For all must his merit confess.

Rebus LXXIV.

SIX letters just, you'll find, compose my name—
Harbour me not, if heaven you would obtain;
But if one letter you subtract from me,
A woman's Christian name you then will see;
Curtail one more, the rest will then unfold
A plague inflicted in the days of old;
One letter more cut off: and there is found
What does in winter frequently abound.

Rebus LXXV.

THE title a king's son does bear,
Ye tuneful bards, bisect;
And join it to one-half of him
Who form'd the Stoic sect:

Then you will have before your eyes
What, could I but obtain,
Would make me write in virtue's praise,
And use my utmost strain.

Rebus LXXVI.

WHAT greatly contributes a man to keep warm,
And helps the French nation Great Britain to harm;
Join a wicked old hag, with one letter left out:
Then the name of a town you'll find, without doubt,
Where an author resides, of judgment profound,
Whose works to his honour and praise much redound.

Rebus LXXVII.

A LOFTY tower built in vain;
He who was by his brother slain;
A part of life in mirth oft spent;
He who was out of Sodom sent;
The fickle mother of mankind;
And what you in an egg may find:
Of these the initials join, and you
Will have a bard excell'd by few.

Rebus LXXVIII.

MY name just consists of five letters, you'll find;
Through me was entail'd a great ill on mankind;
My head separated, the rest will explain
An innocent martyr, unrighteously slain;
One letter more cut off: and then you will see
An idol, to which thousands once bow'd the knee.

Rebus LXXIX.

THE beginning of March, and the middle of May,
One-third of the noise of a raven or crow,
When join'd to one-half of the end when you pray,
Will name a sweet fair one whom many can show.

Rebus LXXX.

THE stream that flows through Italia's plains,
One-fourth what ne'er began or e'er shall end,
Two-thirds of grain well known to rustic swains,
Conjoin'd, will show where charms innumerous blend.

Rebus LXXXI.

ONE-THIRD of a queen who in Egypt did dwell—
For beauty and valour none could her excel;
To one-third an affirm, with a simple reply,
When spoken with truth, no one should deny
Then join five yards and a half to the same:
'T will show you a worthy Columbian's name.

Rebus LXXXII.

TO what's much in wear add a united pair,
And first of what ne'er will decay;
Next what you will find, so religious inclined
That it goes into church every day;
Impatient hail the tardy hour that brings
Love, wealth, or liberty upon its wings:
You'll then name a town wherein may be found
A philosopher greatly revered
By all who in learning have any discerning,
Or e'er its sweet influence shared.

Rebus LXXXIII.

TO the gods of the Sabines, of war, and of wind,
Let Coru's god advance—the god of fear fall
behind;

From these five pagan idols their capitals take:
Then one Christian mortal conjointly they'll make,
Who through poesy's path leads Miss C. by the hand,
Presenting such flowers none else can command;
Which the fair one receives, with her thanks for the same,
And hands them with glee to the nymph, lovely Fame—
Begs a chaplet she'll form, as she knows the best how,
Shall sit with eclat on the first giver's brow.
Fame flies to the task, and a garland is shown
In which laurels, evergreens, all are his own.

Rebus LXXXIV.

ONE-HALF of a shoe, and a colour reversed,
When a father's delight unto them is annex'd,
Make the name of a bard who brightly doth shine—
In whose verses true wit and good humour combine.

Rebus LXXXV.

LONG entomb'd in mouldering dust,
A man who martyr'd many just;
Revived with horror, as you see,
The initial is enough for me;

Paper by wholesale, thick or thin,
To make a fish not fit for Quin:
But times are hard; so feast on me—
Contentment let your motto be.

Rebus LXXXVI.

THREE-FOURTHS of what often adorns the sweet flower—
(It descends in the night or falls in the shower;)
The head of an answer expressing disdain,
When Delia solicits her lover in vain;
One-half of what's call'd the rustic's rude hand,
Though the ladies, perhaps, don't the term understand;
Three-fifths of the tree, you're next called to define,
Whose berries produce such an excellent wine:
Now these, when connected, will easily tell
The name of a villa which few can excel—
Where health's gentle breezes successively glide,
And Providence pleases that I should reside.

Rebus LXXXVII.

FIVE letters indicate my little name;
One off, and there remains a sprightly dame;
Take one more off, and you will quickly see
What's oft the emblem of stupidity.

Rebus LXXXVIII.

THREE letters just compose my name;
Read either way, I'm just the same;
I oft allay the infant's cries,
And sweetly close their moisten'd eyes.

Rebus LXXXIX.

WHAT most adorns the ladies fair;
What preys upon the timid hare;
What oft corrupts the human mind;
What you may twice in nothing find;
What's less than one, a bet I'll lay;
What must arrive at close of day;
What next? Why, these initials, join'd,
Display a maid of wit refined.

Rebus XC.

TWO-SEVENTHS of a play select;
The initial of a muse;
Two-sevenths also then connect
Of what you now must use:
These parts, ye gentle fair, combined,
Most clearly will discover
What I sincerely hope you'll find
Inherent in each lover.

Rebus XCI.

AKE a part of yourself, or the beast which you eat,
Which, with nothing prefix'd, will my Rebus complete.
Or another way do it: suppose you like better
A fruit of Damascus and harsh-sounding letter;
Take which way you please, it amounts to the same,
And it brings out a lovely young lady's name.

Rebus XCII.

F from a western county town
You take just seven-tenths,
At once you'll have a city
Gives a title to a prince.

Rebus XCIII.

TREE reversed, and part of the face,
In summer will show a very gay place

Rebus XCIV.

TO the fifth of a leech add two-thirds of a fish;
To which you must join the fourth of a dish;
Then take the first letter from Saturn or Sol:
And you'll find out the town where lives your friend Poll.

Rebus XCV.

TO half of a wanderer whose trading's but small,
Add an insect remark'd for industry by all:
These show you a creature with whom I this day
Drank two cups of coffee and one of bohea—
Whose formal behaviour is very precise,
And not much approved by the witty or wise.

Rebus XCVI.

TO three-fourths of the emblem of innocence join
One-third of what's seen when the weather is fine:
And with ease you'll discover (if skill'd in your trade)
The name of the town where this Rebus was made.

Rebus XCVII.

HE who for love of Ulysses did sigh;
The sad, solemn bird that in darkness does fly;
The musical man who in hell sought his bride;
The name to the young of a goat that's applied:
The initials connect, and a hero you'll find,
In whom worth and valour most rare were combined.

Rebus XCVIII.

NE-SEVENTH of a dame that we ofttimes invoke,
With the name of a beast that belongs to the yoke,
Produces a person, in Britain well known,
Whose fame stands unrivall'd, his enemies own.

Rebus XCIX.

UPPOSE Aurora's offspring bright
(Which in verdant meads you'll often find)
Appears reverséd in your sight;
Ladies, no doubt but in your mind
You then will wish and hope to be
What then before your eyes you see.

Rebus C.

TO the beauteous dame for whom, in days of yore,
So many Trojans fell in streaming gore;
Two-sevenths of her whom the Spartans sing
Was daughter, wife, and mother to a king;
A river famous in the British land—
Two-thirds of it: and then you've at command
The name of one whom I so much revere,
And in my eyes is queen of all the fair.

Rebus CI.

TO two-thirds of a bird of which poets have sung,
Add half of the place where she hatches her young;
To three-sevenths of a vest add a lion's retreat;
Then the first son of Judah the name will complete
Of a beautiful damsel who shines in the north,
For virtue far famed, and matchless in worth.

Rebus CII.

THE only two things which this life most annoy,
And friendship and pleasure too often destroy,
When join'd together, no less you shall see
Than the name of a town the product will be.

Rebus CIII.

LADIES! your friend is vail'd; indulgent smile,
And name the staple of Britannia's isle;
Then take four-fifths of what with rage is hurl'd,
Or in the church instructs an erring world:
Join these, and hail a famed, ingenious bard,
Whose flights poetic claim your best reward;—
'Tis he whose muse displays "such strains of love"
As mount with rapture to the realms above.

Rebus CIV.

THE sisters dire who clad with serpents are;
She turn'd into a cow by Jove's great care;
He who into a wolf by Jove was turn'd;
The nymph for whom in vain Apollo burn'd;
Those blissful plains which happy souls possess;
That drunken god who scarce could ride his ass:
The initials join, and to you will appear
A genius who shines and excels every year.

Rebus CV.

THE faithful consort of Laertes' son;
What you'll collect ere this your work is done;
What oft we call a fiery-temper'd lass;
And he who did great Eteocles surpass:
From hence with ease you'll find a well-known name,
Beloved by Britons, and enroll'd by fame.

Answers to the Rebuses.

Rebus I.—III.

A HUNDRED in brief, it is plain, must be *C*;
Two-thirds of the *oak* is the wood, you'll agree;
The Roman *l* added to these makes appear
That *coal*[1] is the thing which we use through the year
A *cough* is perplexing enough, I must own;
And *Rome* for its learning was once in renown;
For science great Newt*on*'s unequall'd in fame:
From which I conjecture that *Coughron*'s[2] the name.
A *virgin*,[3] with virtue and prudence combined,
I must freely allow, is the maid to my mind.

[1] *Coal.* [2] *Coughron.* [3] *Virgin.*

Rebus IV.—VII.; Paradoxes I. II.

LADLER'S[4] the sixth, like Delia sunk in death;
The fourth *noon*;[4] then *Tavistock*[5] and *Bath*.[7]
From sIX take nine—subtract just five from seVen;[6]
These multiply, and Wilkes's number's given.

Ne'er be it said, ye gods, unto my scorn,
I wear the *breeches*.† * * * *

[4] *Noon.* [5] *Tavistock.* [6] *Miss Sadler.* [7] *Bath.*
* IX. *by* V. † *Breeches.*

Rebus VIII.—XII.



H, had I *Milton*'s[9] muse, and perfect *health*—[10]
Best gifts on earth by God's rich bounty given!—
To fill my *chest*[12] I'd not wish *Tanfield*'s[11] wealth:
My thoughts, refined like *Peet*'s,[8] should soar to heaven.

[8] *Miss Peet.* [9] *Miss Milton.* [10] *Health.*
[11] *Tanfield.* [12] *Chester.*

Rebus XIII.—XVIII.



ACKSON'S[15] the man "who's learnéd, kind, and true;"
Penrose[13] the nymph "sincere and virtuous too;"
Robson's[16] the fair "in whom all virtues shine,"
(A character, indeed, almost divine;)
Chapman's[18] "unmatch'd, in manners as in face—
Skill'd in each art, adorn'd with every grace;"
If you've a mind to *wed*,[17] pray choose at home,
For three such maids were never known at *Rome*.[14]

[13] *Miss Penrose.* [14] *Rome.* [15] *Mr. Jackson.*
[16] *Miss Robson.* [17] *Wedlock.* [18] *Miss Chapman.*

Rebus XIX.—XXIV.

HERE'S *Jones*,[19] the ingenious Northamptonshire bard;
A *dray*[23] the odd carriage—it stands in a *yard;*
Potatoes[24] are homely, but food for us all;
And *Paint*,[22] though pernicious, is seen at a ball;
The genius is *Newton*,[20] for greatness admired;
The town is call'd *Wilton*:[21] no more is required.

[19] *Jones.* [20] *Newton.* [21] *Wilton.* [22] *Paint.*
[23] *Dray.* [24] *Potatoes.*

Rebus XXV.—XXX.

BEWARE of false lovers, for many, I'm told,
Will barter their conscience to marry for *gold;*[25]
But give me a man whose affection through life
Will always be true to his country and wife.
Like *Curtis*[30] or *Wolfe*,[28] let his conduct be brave,
With courage to fight, and when conqu'ror to save;
Like *Bayley*,[26] for learning, good-nature, and skill,
With plenty of riches to leaves in his *will;*[27]
And a *paradox*[29] solve: then, dear ladies, adieu—
I to such a husband would always be true.

[25] *Gold.* [26] *Mr. Bayley.* [27] *Will.* [28] *Mr. Wolfe.*
[29] *Paradox.* [30] *Mr. Curtis.*

Rebus XXXI.—XXXVII.

SIR: If your celebrated *Betty Smales*[31] makes a voyage to the regions of *wedlock*[32] in a *balloon*,[33] and will call on me at *Shrewsbury*,[34] drink a glass of my *beer*,[35] warm her *nose*,[37] and favour me with an *epigram*[36] for the Book of Parlour Games, she will be kindly received by, sir,

Your humble servant,

A———.

[31] *Miss Betty Smales.* [32] *Shrewsbury.* [33] *Wedlock.*
[34] *Epigram.* [35] *Beer.* [36] *Balloon.* [37] *Nose.*

Rebus XXXVIII.—XLII.

LET *Eland*,[39] with fair *Betty Brown*,[42]
Accept the proffer'd treat,
While I with you, dear youth unknown,
At *Manchester*[41] do meet.
Through fields and woodlands, deck'd with flowers,
We'll carol blithe along,
Till echo from the tuneful bowers
Repeat the joyful song.
You'll find me sprightly, kind, and free,
And rolling years shall prove
Fix'd as *Stonehenge*[38] my faith shall be,
My [40]*friend*ship, and my love.

[38] *Stonehenge.* [39] *Mr. Eland.* [40] *Friend.*
[41] *Manchester.* [42] *Miss Betty Brown.*

Rebus XLIII.—XLVII.

TELL me, dear ladies—*Freeman*[44] fair,
Jonson[45] as a goddess chaste,
And *Mary Swift*[46]—pray all declare
To me the *news*[47] in haste:
Has lovely *Smales*[48] to Richardson
Given her hand and troth?
If so, Hymen his part has done
In justice to them both.

[48] *Miss Smales.* [44] *Miss Freeman.* [45] *Miss Jonson.* [46] *Miss Mary Swift.* [47] *News.*

Rebus XLVIII.—LI.

WHILE some of *carmine*[49] beauty tell,
When love with it's combined,
How does that beauty far excel
Whose seat is in the mind!
Did *Baldwin*,[49] *Lambert*,[50] Lee, or Brown,
The rainbow's hues outshine,
Still *Harpur's*[51] merits I would own,
And speak her praise divine;
And when life's glass shall cease to run,
And time and order dies,
Still female virtue, like the sun,
Shall kiss its native skies.

[49] *Carmine.* [49] *Miss Baldwin.* [50] *Miss Lambert.* [51] *Miss Harpur.*

Rebus LII.—LV.

GRANT me, ye gods, a generous fair,
Who'll make my *toast and tea*[52] with pleasure—
A cheerful *glass*[54] to banish *care*,[53]
A *pen*,[55] to scribble at my leisure.

[52] *Tea and Toast.* [53] *Care.* [54] *Glass.* [55] *Pen.*

Rebus LVI.—LIX.

MISS *Jones*[56] is the nymph that Aminicus loves,
And 'tis *Nuneaton*[57] Wardley must mean;
But *Read*[58] has the virtues her friend most approves,
And at *Richmond*[59] Eliza has been.

[56] *Miss Jones.* [57] *Nuneaton.* [58] *Miss Read.*
[59] *Richmond.*

Rebus LX.—LXIII.

IF *Gulson's*[60] charms let *Bearcroft*[61] sing,
And she with *smiles*[62] reward his *love*,[63]
While all the merry bells shall ring,
And he a happy bridegroom prove.

[60] *Miss Gulson.* [61] *Mr. Bearcroft.* [63] *Love.*
[62] *Smile, or Hornpipe.*

Rebus LXIV.—LXVII.



ES! the lips of Miss *Wood*,[63]
Sweet as the rosebud,
With a *blush*[64] on her cheek so divine,
Famed *Woolston*[67] knows well
No *Rebus*[65] can tell,
Nor half her perfections define.

[64] *Blush.* [65] *Rebus.* [63] *Miss Wood.* [67] *Mr. Woolston.*

Rebus LXVIII.—LXXI.



RADIDGE[69] and *Dent*,[70] when brought to light,
Two Rebuses explain;
And *sleep*[66] and *scrape*,[71] if I am right,
Will answer what remain.

[66] *Sleep.* [69] *Mr. Gradidge.* [70] *Miss Dent.* [71] *Scrape.*

Rebus LXXII.—LXXV.



ALICE[74] avoid, dear ladies, as you *prize*[75]
Your peace, your comfort, or the heavenly joys.
If, as you journey, *Lincoln's*[73] in your way,
Pray call on Campbell, and on *Smart*,[72] on Gay.

[72] *Lincoln.* [73] *Mr. Smart.* [74] *Malice.* [75] *Prize.*

Rebus LXXVI.—LXXIX.

THE first is *Woolwich*,[76] is it not,
As *Bayley*[77] tells the Rebus?
The second's—bless me, I've forgot;
No, sure it's not bright Phœbus.
The third is *Babel*,[78] faméd well
In Scripture's sacred pages;
The fourth is *Maken*,[79] I can tell,
Who oft my mind engages.

[76] *Woolwich.* [77] *Mr. Bayley.* [78] *Babel.* [79] *Miss Maken.*

Rebus LXXX.—LXXXIII.

UNRIVALL'D, *Smart*[83] and *Cleypole*[81] shine,
The happiest fav'rites of the Nine!
Every lover of the *Muse*[80]
With pleasure must their works peruse,
With which the learnéd *Woolwich*[82] sage
Adorns his fair, instructive page.

[80] *Poetry.* [81] *Mr. Cleypole.* [82] *Woolwich.* [83] *Mr. Smart.*

Rebus LXXXIV.—LXXXVII.

WHILE sots drown in a [85]*brim*ful *glass*[87]
Their conscience, care, and spleen,
With *Sanderson*[84] my time I'll pass,
At *Dronfield*[86] on the green.
Each Sunday morning in the spring,
When linnets crowd the spray,
Around my charmer's neck I'll cling,
And with her locket play.
Thus days and years will sweetly glide,
Ungall'd by care or strife,
Until young Anna is my bride—
Then I am bless'd for life.

[84] *Mr. Sanderson.* [85] *Bream.* [86] *Dronfield.*
[87] *Glass.*

Rebus XXXVIII.—XCI.

IN *Vernon's*[89] verses *truth*[90] we find,
In every word and line combined.
Could I, like her, such truths impart,
*Per*h*aps*[88] I might aside, friend Smart,
Be doom'd to share a trifling part,
When *olives*[91] crown the virtuous bride,
And Mirth and Bacchus chief preside.

[88] *Pap.* [89] *Miss Vernon.* [90] *Truth.* [91] *Miss Oliver.*

Rebus XCII.—XCVI.

THREE youths—and thrice blest will be he that succeeds!—
Are all in pursuit of Miss Pinkney of *Leeds*;[94]
There's Lacey of *Chester*,[93] and Bentley of *Ross*,[96]
And Milton of *Weymouth*,[92] each dreading a cross.
Fie for shame! Shall *three* beaux vie *one* fair one to hug,
And none from the *pedant*[95] free pretty Miss Lugg?

[93] *Chester.* [92] *Weymouth.* [94] *Leeds.* [95] *Pedant.* [96] *Ross.*

Rebus XCVII.—CI.

IF *Cook*[97] or *Fox*[98] do e'er design to *wed*,[99]
And take a partner to the bridal bed,
There's none more worthy, 'mong the ladies fair,
Than *Helen Latham*[100] or *Jane Gardner*.[101]

[97] *Mr. Cook.* [98] *Mr. Fox.* [99] *Wed.* [100] *Miss H. Latham.* [101] *Miss Jane Gardner.*

Rebus CII.—CV.

IF you, ladies fair, to my tale will attend,
I soon will disclose what the writer has penn'd:
There's *Wantage*[102] and *Woolston*,[103] with *Fildes*[104] and young *Pitt*;[105]
And I'll bet ten to one that the thing I have hit.

[102] *Wantage.* [103] *Mr. Woolston.* [104] *Mr. Fildes.*
[105] *Mr. Pitt.*



Charades.



Charades.

TO inform those who are not used to this species of wit, it may be proper to observe that Charades are a kind of Rebus, imported from the French, and have this property, namely, that the subject or word in question, called the *whole*, must be a noun substantive of two syllables; and each of these syllables, called the *first* and *second part*, must also be a noun substantive: also, each syllable separately, and the whole compound word, are to be described or enlarged upon by some elegant allusion.

Charade I.

THEE, my *first*, the rich miser is anxious to serve,
Tho' he'd suffer a friend or a brother to starve;
On my *next*, if you venture, beware a mishap,
Though the clown may esteem it a friend in the gap:
In my *whole* there is danger when night's awful shade
Is too thick for the moon's silver beams to pervade.

Charade II.

FILL the glass to my *first*—
'Tis a beauty I toast,
And true love is a foe to deceit;
Of your heart, cruel Phillis,
(Though conquest you boast,)
In my *next* see an emblem complete.
But should the blind urchin
Incline your proud soul
The soft dictates of love to obey,
Oh, beware of your *spark*,
Lest the charms of my *whole*
Should attract and bewitch him away.

Charade III.

ATTENTIVE *first*, by thy all-powerful aid
Fond Damon's tales subdue the stubborn maid;
My *next*, assisting, crowns the youth's design,
And seals his vows at Hymen's hallow'd shrine:
My *whole* with splendour decorates the fair,
And e'en to grandeur gives a nobler air.

Charade IV.

WHEN first my *whole* in due obedience fail'd
A lasting *first* was on my *next* entail'd.

Charade V.

MY *first* once rode by ladies fair,
But now is out of use;
My *second* will secure what's rare,
And save from all abuse:
To know my *whole*, Mat. Prior will lend
A poem to your aid;
Mungo, likewise, will you befriend,
And to the answer lead.

Charade VI.

MY gipsy-visaged *first* such terror spreads,
The miser shrinks, the guilty hide their heads;
The gay coquette my *next* puts on with care,
To aid her beauty and all hearts ensnare;
But seeks my *whole* when compliments are o'er,
When pleasure droops, and conquest charms no more.

Charade VII.

MY *first* through flowery mead is borne
By Sylvia's fleecy care;
My *next*, a graceful robe once worn
By many a British fair:
In senate met, when Albion's lords appear,
View Thurlow then—you'll find my *whole* is near.

Charade VIII.

MY *first* is of illustrious line,
Of graceful form, and face divine;
But when my *second* does assail,
My form and face's beauty fail:
My *whole* is an arduous task to do
With wives who naughty ways pursue.

Charade IX.

MY *first* is a place of resort for the great;
Upon water my *second* is found:
My *whole* is a term on which lovers agree,
Ere Hymen their wishes have crown'd.

Charade X.

MY *first*, ye fair, is ever at your side;
My *next* may guard you from insulting pride:
My *whole* is an ornament you often wear
Around your waist, your neck, or flowing hair.

Charade XI.

MY *first* rides aloft on the loud roaring waves,
And dwells in the musical vale;
My *next* stands as sentinel, servant to slaves,
While hardships and bruises assail:
As my *first* and my *second* accomplish my *whole*,
So my last, with my foremost, are body and soul.

Charade XII.

TO Job, from midst the whirlwind, once was told,
The matchless spirit of my martial *first;*
For healing art my *next* was famed of old,
When errant heroes fought and ladies nursed:
Detested *whole!* (whose offspring Agur tells,)
That lovest to feast midst ever-streaming gore,
Whose sanguine thirst enjoyment never quells,
But, fill'd with blood, insatiate cries for more!

Charade XIII.

AH, fatal *first!* thou sad, unwelcome guest
To many—yet to some their kindest friend;
Hail, soothing *second!* place of sweetest rest,
Each nymph and swain do gladly thee attend:
Thou solemn *whole!* may all be fit for thee,
And so be happy in eternity.

Charade XIV.

MY *first* to the face of the sick is confined;
My *next* is a weight of great moment, you'll find:
Pray be not my *whole*, oh, I charge you, ye fair,
Or your credit, your fortune, and health you'll impair.

Charade XV.

MY *first*, like eternity, begins not nor ends;
To my *second* we too much are prone:
My *whole's* a fair fruit, of a delicate taste;
Who answers it, she shall have one.

Charade XVI.

MY *first* is seen array'd in purest white;
And when it to my second doth dissolve,
Oft from beneath my *whole* appears in sight—
Ye fair, this seeming mystery resolve.

Charade XVII.

MY *first* is a place of instruction, you'll find;
And my *next* in my *first* to be taught is confined:
My *whole* in every city or ville may be found,
And my *first* with my *second* the country around.

Charade XVIII.

IN the middle of my lucid *last*
My *first* is always found:
My *whole* in splendour will appear
While Sol performs his round.

Charade XIX.

MY *first* in foreign climes doth spring;
My *second* is a brittle thing,
But elegant to see:
My *whole* you'll find my lady's maid
Has to her ladyship convey'd—
Pray hand it unto me.

Charade XX.

MY *first*, 'tis said, each fair would be;
In stables you my second see;
But if my *whole* the nymph can't gain,
To be my *first* she sighs in vain.

Charade XXI.

A FRAGRANT shrub will name my *first*;
My *next*, a boy's delight reversed:
Around my *whole*, see, scandal flies,
And female reputation dies.

Charade XXII.

AH, awful *first*! in me my Delia sleeps,
While Damon o'er her keeps my *next*, and weeps:
My *whole's* a warning to my *first*, some say—
The weak alarms, but not the wise and gay.

Charade XXIII.

BEFORE the balmy gales of spring
Bedeck'd the woodland scene,
My *second* on each bough did dwell,
Else ne'er had they been green:
Just so my *whole*, ye lovely fair,
In summer's lively dress,
Springs from its parent, ere you can
My fragrant *first* possess.

Charade XXIV.

MY *first* sings with glee, tho' in durance accurst;
My *second's* a beautiful tree:
My *whole*, as a bailiff, arrested my *first*,
Which no human laws can set free.

Charade XXV.

WITHOUT my *whole*, my *first* can ne'er be made;
My *second's* mostly found in the stable:
My *first* unto my *whole* so fast is tied,
To part us all the world's not able.

CHARADE XXVI.

FOR thee, my *first*, what risks are run!
How many thousands are undone!
My *next* a trusty guard at night,
To keep from harm till morning light:
My *whole* oft decks a blooming bride—
I am a beauty, and her guide.

CHARADE XXVII.

MY *first* oft denotes a small end or extreme;
My *next* a slight passion implies:
My *whole* name's a garment—nor strange let it seem,
For on Daphne's fair bosom it lies.

CHARADE XXVIII.

MY *first's* the colour of your cheeks;
My *second* often pants with love:
My *whole* your cottage humbly seeks
When snows drift up the trackless grove.

Charade XXIX.

MY *first's* ordain'd a blessing from on high;
My *next's* a shield against the inclement sky;
Whene'er the mariner descries my *whole*,
A sudden joy pervades through all his soul.

Charade XXX.

MY lovely *first* was erst my *second* fair;
To be my *first* employs my *second's* care;
My *whole* attends my *first*, when hearts and hands
Are bound for life in Hymen's silken bands.

Charade XXXI.

MY *first*, within the neighbouring grove,
Whose music fills the air,
Or on the vane-topp'd tower is found,
Framed by maternal care;
Near the green hedge where blooms the thorn,
The harebell, and the rose,
By high-road side, or on the moor,
My humble *second* grows:

With anxious fears, a timid pair
Watch o'er my darling *third*;
Fate, be its friend! from deathful snare
Oh save a harmless bird.

Charade XXXII.

FREE from disguise,
Before your eyes
My *first* appears in humble rhyme:
My *next*, you'll find,
With all mankind
Flies swiftly on the wings of time:
So, ladies fair,
With nicest care,
Observe my *whole* each year increase;
And, I'm inclined,
You soon will find
My fame with fleeting time must cease.

Charade XXXIII.

ON Chloe's face my *first* you view;
My *next*, a tuneful bard:
Within her breast, with varied hue,
My *whole* claims high regard.

Charade XXXIV.

MY *first*, a clay-built, mean abode,
Scarce worth the peasant's care;
My *second*, an enormous load,
Too great for man to bear:
My *whole*, a mathematic sage—
To him what praise belongs!—
Whose works improve and grace the age,
And shine in Pindar's songs.

Charade XXXV.

SEE my *first*, with troubled motion,
Swiftly gliding o'er the ocean;
My love-sick *second* tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale:
Rough, loud, and boisterous is my *third*,
And in my *first* is often heard.

Charade XXXVI.

MY *first* obstructs the river's rapid course,
And e'en diverts the sea's more powerful force;
My *next* steals on each mortal day by day,
Quick as our youthful moments glide away:
From failure of my *first* my *whole* ensues—
Sweeps desolation o'er the distant views.

Charade XXXVII.

MY *first* is seen when armies take the field,
And peace and plenty to confusion yield;
My *next* in every steeple's height is found,
Delighting all by its melodious sound:
My *whole* will show a learnéd person's name,
Whose works and merit are well known to fame.

Charade XXXVIII.

ON either side of you my *first* may be found;
My *second* is worn by the priest:
My *whole*, Chloe's head oft encircles around,
Or adorns her fair, beautiful breast.

Charade XXXIX.

PRODUCTIVE *first* of various good,
For man and beast supplying food;
My *next* the effect of cold or fear,
Or from the feather'd tribe we hear:
My *whole* strikes terror to the heart,
And awful rends my *first* apart.

Charade XL.

THROUGHOUT creation's ample space,
Earth, water, fire, and air,
Whate'er the mind's vast eye surveys,
My *first* implies a share;
My *next* an atom, if you please,
The smallest of the small,
Yet, vast as fancy, by degrees
Describes and covers all:
My *whole* excites your smiles and tears,
Can please you, and annoy—
The cause of all your hopes and fears,
The source of grief and joy.

Charade XLI.

BRAVE conqu'rors in my *first*, of old,
Were drawn from battle home;
Out of my *second*, silver, gold,
And copper, too, do come:
The lady who looks wan through years,
Whose face no redness shows,
By using of my *whole*, appears
As fresh as any rose.

Charade XLII.

ON yon steep cliff, which shades that dismal dell,
My sportive *first* behold undaunted play;
Lo! in my *second* the loves for ever dwell,
And, hand in hand with Delia, see them stray:
My *whole*, defenders of the charming fair,
Familiar, oft enjoy her warm embrace;—
Might love-sick Strephon such dear favours share,
He then would envy none of human race.

Charade XLIII.

IN purest innocence my *first's* array'd;
My *second* always of my *first* is made:
At Christmas gambols oft my *whole* appears,
And unexpected may salute your ears.

Charade XLIV.

ALARMING *first!* see conscience rise in arms,
And nature shrink aghast in dire dismay;
Upon my *next* we rest secure from harms:
Before you reach my *whole*, oh learn to pray!

Charade XLV.

WHEN, on the bed of lingering disease,
A tender wife or anxious husband sees
A relative confined, my *first*, procured,
And to the patient given, may help afford;
Reader! though now thou art young, and blest with health,
With strength, with beauty, gen'rous friends, and wealth,
Shouldst thou live long, alas! thou yet mayst see
My palsied *next* approach, with poverty:
When glittering Sol, the glorious orb of day,
Unto the nether orb has bent his way,
Then steal across the plain a worthless crew—
My *whole* the object which they have in view.

Charade XLVI.

ON my *first* see reflected the world as it goes;
In my *next* behold belles tête-a-têteing with beaux:
My *whole* through the nation does rapidly glide,
And carries live beasts, birds, and persons inside.

Charade XLVII.

WHEN through the mead Maria strays,
My *first* with sportive zephyrs plays;
One-half a mountain's ancient name,
Where dark combustion bursts in flame,
Will name my *next:* on beauty's breast
My glittering *whole* does often rest.

Charade XLVIII.

SOMETIMES my *first* will cheer the plains,
And bid new verdure spring;
My *second*, with the hardy Danes,
Protected church and king:
My *whole's* a beauty without boast,
Which o'er the earth extends—
Often seen o'er England's coast,
And on my *first* attends.

Charade XLIX.

WHEN sable night rides down the west,
Chased by my *first* away,
My *second* then comes with the *first*,
And hails the genial ray:

My *whole*, combined, to you will show
A time allow'd for rest,
Though 'tis abused, alas, too true,
Good Christians all confess.

Charade L.

WHEN war's destructive power usurps the reign,
And arms meet arms upon the hostile plain,
The coward only acts my *first* through fear,
When at his breast my *second* doth appear:
My *whole* will show a bard whose pen upheld the stage,
And best deserves the applauses of the age.

Charade LI.

BEHOLD, ye great, the negro boy,
Deprived of home, bereft of joy,
Oft sighs my *first* to be;
Go, search the nect'rine, plum, or peach—
My *next* you're sure to find in each,
As you will quickly see:
From earth, behold, my *whole* is torn,
The lofty mansion to adorn.

Charade LII.

MY *first*, a pungent, subtle dust;
My *second*, clothed in green:
My *whole*, a safeguard for my *first*,
Oft drest in gold is seen.

Charade LIII.

MY *first*, ambitious, leaves the vale,
And rises high in air;
My *second* tasted Eden's gale
Ere sorrow enter'd there:
My *whole*, the name the writer bears—
Ah, would it ne'er had been!
A source of grief through flowing years,
Of many a tear unseen.

Charade LIV.

IF you were my *first*,
And I were my *whole*,
My *second* might go where he please;
Then I should be bless'd,
And you'd be caress'd,
And the whole of our lives pass in ease.

Answers to the Charades.

Charade I.—III.

THE three Charades so pleasant seem,
I'm quite delighted with the theme;
The *turnstile*[1] lets us in so nice,
I find the *earrings*[3] in a trice;
But *brimstone*,[2] Miss, is mighty dark,
Unless illuméd by a spark.

[1] *Turnstile.* [2] *Brimstone.* [3] *Earrings.*

Charade IV.—VI.

A *WOMAN*[4] should a *padlock*[5] place
Upon her husband's mind,
Put on his *nightcap*,[6] pat his face,
And to his faults be blind.

[4] *Woman.* [5] *Padlock.* [6] *Nightcap.*

Charade VII.—X.

AS Dolly and Hodge on a *woolsack*[7] were seated,
One evening by moonlight in May,
With a ring and a *ribband*[10] the damsel he treated,
And begg'd her to name the blest day:
Untaught in the art to deceive and to flatter,
In *courtship*[9] true love was their guide;
And the swain knew so well how to *manage*[8] the matter,
In a fortnight he made her his bride.

[7] *Woolsack.* [8] *Manage.* [9] *Courtship.*
[10] *Ribband.*

Charade XI.—XIV.

A *DEATHBED*,[13] *horseleech*,[12] *wanton*,[14] will,
With *soundpost*,[11] just the whole fulfil.

[11] *Soundpost.* [12] *Horseleech.* [13] *Deathbed.*
[14] *Wanton.*

Charade XV.—XVIII.

THERE'S an *orange*[15] for *schoolboys*[17] that play at *noonday*,[18]
And *snowdrops*[16] for ladies that shine at the play.

[15] *Orange.* [16] *Snowdrop.* [17] *Schoolboy.*
[18] *Noonday.*

Charade XIX.—XXII.

LOVE'S a strong passion felt every day,
And David once knew it, as I have heard say.
Miss Lucy fought shy, but 'twas only a wile,
For he caught her at last by the charms of a smile:
The *bride*[20] and the *groom*[20] now quite happy appear—
They have *teacups*[19] and *teapots*,[21] with delicate cheer;
As to *deathwatch*,[22] they seldom, if ever, give ear.
Long, long may they live, nor each other once slight,
And at last join the chorus with angels of light.

[19] *Teacup.* [20] *Bridegroom.* [21] *Teapot.*
[22] *Deathwatch.*

Charade XXIII.—XXVI.

WITH *rosebuds*[23] graced, may some kind youth
(Unstain'd by *slimy*[24] pride)
Your *bridegroom*[25] be in love and truth,
With *goldwatch*[26] by your side.

[23] *Rosebud.* [24] *Birdlime.* [25] *Bridegroom.*
[26] *Goldwatch.*

Charade XXVII.—XXX.

WHEN frost and snow constrain the fair
The muff and *tippet*[27] warm to wear,
The *redbreast*[28] seeks in vain to find
A refuge from the rain and wind.
When spring was kind and nature gay,
The happy warbler, on each spray,
His little throat would oft distend,
And every *bridemaid*[30] was his friend;
But now, alas! each hand and door
Is open to his wants no more:
The dazzling *light* yon *house*[29] displays
Is welcome to his anxious gaze;
But stay, sweet bird, approach not near—
Distress ne'er found compassion there.

[27] *Tippet.* [28] *Redbreast.* [29] *Lighthouse.*
[30] *Bridemaid.*

Charade XXXI.—XXXIV.

NESTLING[31] and *lineage*[32] must be named—
Then we a *nosegay*[33] view;
And *Hutton*[34] is an author famed—
So, ladies fair, adieu!

[31] *Nestling.* [32] *Lineage.* [33] *Nosegay.*
[34] *Hutton.*

Charade XXXV.—XXXVIII.

NEAR Lincoln city
Lives Nancy so pretty,
For whom *Campbell*[37] and Smart do contend;
No malice has she—
From *damage*[36] she's free,
And on honour she much does depend.
But, alas! a *boatswain*,[35]
Who no prize did gain,
Stepp'd in, the dispute to decide:
With *ribbands*[38] all white,
And a ring that is bright,
Takes Nancy to be his dear bride.

[35] *Boatswain.* [36] *Damage.* [37] *Mr. Campbell.*
[38] *Ribband.*

Charade XXXIX.—XLII.

I WENT with Miss Jenny to Woolwich one day,
And our friend, Mr. Bayley, a visit to pay:
With a pair of *kid gloves*[42] her arms were array'd—
Her beauty ne'er call'd for *carmine*[41] to its aid.
Some[40] buildings we saw that with Babel might vie,
Their walls were so strong, and their turrets so high;
But an *earthquake*[39] has tumbled these piles to the ground,
And no*thing*[40] but ruinous heaps can be found.

[39] *Earthquake.* [40] *Something.* [41] *Carmine.*
[42] *Kid gloves.*

Charade XLIII.—XLVI.

WHAT'S whiter than a *snowball*'s[43] hue?
A *deathbed*[44] all with awe do view:
To *pillage*[45] oft will rogues prepare,
Whene'er they see the *stagecoach*[46] near.

[43] *Snowball.* [44] *Deathbed.* [45] *Pillage.*
[46] *Stagecoach.*

Charade XLVII.—L.

'T was *Sunday*[49] eve when, neatly dress'd,
Chloe, with *locket*[47] on her breast,
And ribbands *rainbow*[48] dyed,
(Ne'er show'd the glass a face more fair,)
Tripp'd out alone to take the air—
Supreme in beauty's pride!

An object did her mind engage;
'Twas Fidelio with *Shakespear*'s[50] page
At distance saw the maid:
Not like a drone the field he trode,
But quickly met her on the road,
And thus in raptures said:

Dear girl, I wish'd, nor wish'd in vain,
That I might meet you on the plain;
Ah, why of late so shy?

Methinks you might your lover trust—
A love more pure, a heart more just,
No swain can boast than I.

Then, with a blush, the nymph replied:
Dear Fidelio, with conscious pride,
Acknowledged and approved,
Your worth, your virtues well are known;
Full oft my tell-tale eyes have shown
'Twas you alone I loved.

The hours flew swift with swain and maid,
Till evening spread her darksome shade,
In chat of that and this;
Then homeward hied the am'rous pair,
Nor left the swain his darling fair
Till shared the balmy kiss.

[47] *Locket.* [48] *Rainbow.* [49] *Sunday.* [50] *Shakespear.*

Charade LI.—LIV.

When *Hillman,*[53] *snuff box,*[52] or *freestone,*[51]
I'd write to please the ladies' tone:
Like *bridegroom*[54] on the bridal morn,
I'd patient wait the quick return
Of her whose heart is void of guile—
To her draw near, and gaze a while.

[51] *Freestone.* [52] *Snuff box.* [53] *Miss Hillman.*
[54] *Bridegroom.*

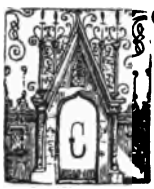


Enigmas.



Enigmas.

Enigma I.



COLUMBIAN ladies, known to fame,
Whose deeds have gain'd a lasting name,
Oh, deign with candour to attend;
For I'm your sure, devoted friend,
And come your pensive mind to cheer,
Though now in masquerade appear.
Perhaps you'll think some fav'rite ape
Is coming now in antic shape:
Antic indeed!—I sometimes range,
And, Proteus like, I often change.
Sometimes an oblong I remain;
Sometimes, an horizontal plane:
Anon, the sloping hills prevail,
And rise above each flowery dale,
Where Damon and his rural fair
Recline beside their fleecy care;
Where Venus loved Adonis meets
Among a wilderness of sweets;
Where young Ascanius was laid
Asleep, beneath the rosy shade.

My ornamental colours show
The brightest tints of Iris' bow:
Sometimes I'm dress'd in virgin white;
Sometimes in sable, black as night;
And oftentimes you may behold
Me deck'd in ornamental gold.
Again, in azure I am seen,
Or wear the brightest verdant green:
Change but the scene; and then, how queer!
In rags and tatters I appear.
No more may I your favours court;
But prattling Miss makes me her sport
When Eurus from the east does blow,
And trees are periwigg'd with snow,
Or when the hoary frost comes forth,
And Boreas blusters from the north,
I disappear—am quickly flown,
And ply beneath the torrid zone.
Now, oh ye versed in mystic lines,
Whose complaisance wit combines,
Without delay my name declare,
And bays and laurels you shall wear.

Enigma II.

TO you, oh ye fair, my existence I owe,
Though born, without doubt, many ages ago;
On me you bestow many wonderful favours,
Such as are denied to your heart-wounded cravers:

I mostly attend you, wherever you go,
As fine in my dress as a sprightly young beau.
I'm yellow, I'm red, I am verdant, and blue—
Just whatsoe'er colour agrees best with you:
Unto no particular form I am bound,
For I am both corner'd, indented, and round;
Or, if you've a mind to discover your art,
I'm frequently seen in the form of a heart.
And surely your lovers, who sigh and who flatter,
And of their distresses continually chatter,
Did never receive, be they ever so stupid,
So many keen darts from the quiver of Cupid
As those which you daily do plunge in my bowels,
Because you affirm I am useful no how else.

Enigma III.

FIVE letters do compose my name
Forward and backward read the same;
In music's charms I'm known to dwell:
Then who I am be pleased to tell.

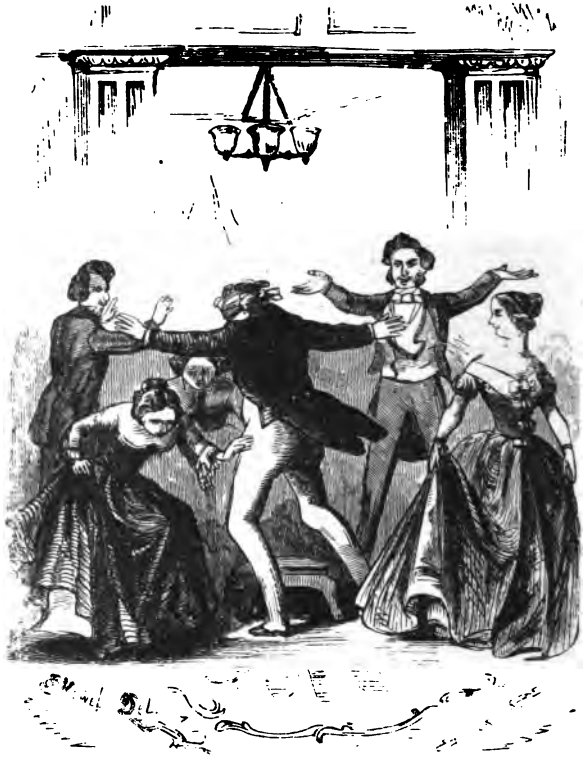
Enigma IV.

MY business both pleasure and profit affords;
I beat up the quarters of dukes and of lords:
Nay, to speak the whole truth, I commonly do
Traverse the most part of the country quite through.

Into people's back yards and courts do I creep,
And in every place where I come I do peep;
And if I find there what I found not before,
I presently add what I found to their store:
If you ask what this store is, I'll leave you to guess—
Sometimes it is more, and sometimes it is less.
Some show me respect in the highest degree,
While others against me do rail bitterly;
But these I despise, for I very well know
My master will right me in all that I do;
That is, while I do what is honest and just,
And in each particular prove true to my trust.
I'll add this one hint; then you'll sure guess me right:
I own that my chiefest support is the light.

Enigma V.

E lovely fair, esteem it no disgrace
To give a harmless masquerader place.
I am no monster, come with horrid paws,
Large, staring eyes, and wide, devouring jaws;
'Tis true, I'm old—you see my feeble plight—
Yet let not that your tender souls affright;
For know, I'm harmless as the turtle-dove,
That gentle emblem of unceasing love.
A thousand ages have been swept away
Since first my parents hail'd my natal day;
A thousand more, if I presage aright,
Will sink in dust ere I forsake the light.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

No sooner born, but I began to roam
Through lands far distant from my native home:
My name is known, and men record my worth,
In every realm o'er all the face of earth;
Nor think it strange, since I, undaunted, go
O'er dreadful rocks and mountains capp'd with snow.
The giant sons of Patagonia knew
Me well, ere Byrom's sails appear'd in view;
Though large in stature, I've excell'd them all,
For I'm, at pleasure, either great or small:
Not Proteus' self e'er changed his shape like me,
Though, 'tis confess'd, he was a deity.
The torrid zone, though 'tis replete with wealth,
Is ill adapted to my state of health:
I have been there; but when the king of day
Blazed o'er my head, I could no longer stay.
I wing'd my flight o'er mountains, lakes, and seas,
To this fair land of freedom, health, and ease;
Here, undisturb'd, I wander free as air:
So now my name reveal, ye prying fair.

Enigma VI.

THERE present or male or female sex,
For to amuse you, rather than perplex,
And to excite your virtuous thoughts on me;
When that is fix'd, we ne'er shall disagree.
With good intent to this my tale attend:
I no beginning had, nor shall have end;

For when great Jove on earth implanted me,
I was to man his *primum mobile*—
The efficient cause, and mankind the effect;
And, as such cause, I mankind do direct—
In every action, generous, kind, and brave,
Lift him above the brute or venal knave;
With virtuous acts inflame the generous mind—
The coward, brave; the cruel, mild and kind;
Give coldness heat; excite the hidden fire,
And various minds do variously inspire.
The world I move; through every distant part
Fast hold the fabric—there can nothing start
From the due place and office first ordain'd.
The laws of nature are by me sustain'd.
I've powerful charms, when honour leads the way;
When otherwise, the innocent betray.
Vile 'tis to say, a real good made evil,
And many times a bait laid by the devil!
Let male and female of the fiend beware,
Though I am blameless, may be made a snare.
Like waning moon my splendour does decline,
Not so refulgent as I once did shine;
My grandeur fades, placed in a different view;
The world does change for modes that are quite new.
Nor am I valued as of old I were,
The present times do make it plain appear.
The vogue is vague—so is my fleeting fame;
Ladies, explain my origin and name.



Enigma VII.

NEAR the banks of fair Severn I once did abide,
Well known to Miss Fanny and Miss Hetty Lloyd;
At the forest of merry Sherwood did appear,
When Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, came there;
At Exeter city I'm sure to be found,
And there with the ladies I oft take a round.
Go to Bath, or to Bristol, I'm sure to be there,
To wait on the ladies, Don John, or Monsieur.
To Wales, 'mong the Welshmen, a visit I make,
Where I look lean and bare, and as poor as a rake.
If you cross o'er from Wales to Hibernia's isle,
You'll find how the ladies upon me will smile;
And when they come near me, good manners to show,
I move my head gently, and make a fine bow.
Each gay, pretty miss, who's the toast of the town,
When pleasure excites her, I move to sit down.
Young Strephon, though handsome, and brisk as a fly,
Has seldom, if ever, such favours as I—
Each lady permits *me* to kiss her fair hand.
I'm no necromancer, nor sorcerer's wand,
But in circular motion I pass here and there:
High, presto! begone!—I at London appear.
I'm frightful to Robin, Wat, Roger, and Jack,
Who fear me as much as a bear in a sack,
And at a great distance trip over the lawns—
The reason, perhaps, is because I wear horns.
Like an harlequin, ladies, my oddness to show,

My head it turns round on my neck like a screw.
I've a leg and a body, both joinéd together,
And mostly am naked in winterly weather;
But in summer, when Phœbus bespangles the spray,
The ladies oft clothe me in silken array:
But the moments are short I in grandeur appear—
'Tis seldom an hour I this clothing must wear.
Take one hint more, ladies, to what I have shown:
By the Vicar of Wakefield I'm very well known;
The Sexton of Whitchurch knows where I abide,
And the clerk of the parish, the good Mr. Hyde.
So now, lovely fair, though the riddle's quite clear.
We'll wait for your answer until the next year.

Enigma VIII.

TO vice and virtue I provoke the young,
And aid the poet in his lyric song;
I free the hero from a coward's fear—
Undaunted bid him meet the missive spear;
I make the wicked kiss religion's rod,
Bend the stiff knee, and supplicate their God.
Unmoved by tears, I seize the widow's stores—
Friendless and naked turn her out of doors.
When roused to flight, the earth convulsive shakes,
The mountains tremble, and the ocean quakes.
But stop, nor rashly judge—me you will find
A universal blessing to mankind.

As fame reports, I once from heaven was stole,
And now that theft the sons of men condole—
Lament the rashness of the daring thief
In swelling sorrows and desponding grief.
With man on earth, in bliss with saints I dwell,
And, cruel fate! am chain'd with fiends in hell:
Then who I am, dear ladies, please to tell.

Enigma IX.

FROM the remotest early times
Much good I've done, and many crimes;
Have just and impious sceptres sway'd,
Rewarded oft, and oft betray'd;
Been oft in bonds, and often free,
And famed for feats of chivalry;
Decided arduous events
In pompous tilts and tournaments.
Now oft in coat of fur I'm muffled,
But still I may be greatly ruffled;
When, giving way too much to fury,
Exposes me to judge and jury.
I till the earth and sow the grain,
And toil the needy to maintain
With raiment, and with drink and meat—
But though I get, I never eat.
I'm yet of more distinguish'd parts,
And practise all the liberal arts;
Perform the office of physician,
Am poet, painter, and musician;

With talents both for great and small trades,
And am, in short, a jack-of-all-trades.
On Persian coins I've been impress'd,
By which it plainly is confess'd
I've more an emblem been of concord
Than any two bound fast with one cord.
I much distinguish graceful carriage,
And play my part in holy marriage.
So famed for my rare feats I'm grown,
I've statues cut in wood and stone,
With ornamental sculptured graces,
Set up in most conspicuous places;
And though myself no speech affords,
My effigies are full of words.
With all these hints, there is no doubt
Enigmatists will find me out,
As I've been long within their ken:
So bid adieu, and drop the pen.

Enigma X.

MY body's thin, of little length,
Yet boasts of elephantine strength;
And, though both jaws and mouth I lack,
Two rows of teeth adorn my back,
Springing in opposite directions,
Dividing all by nicest sections;
And, though as pure and white as ermine,
All my employ is catching vermin.

Enigma XI.

NOT in the paths of noise or strife,
Nor with the great, I lead my life,
Nor wait on you, ye fair:
In rural peace I choose to dwell,
Or with the anchorite in a cell,
Devoid of pain or care.

With moss o'ergrown, or woodbines twined,
Whose branches keep both sun and wind
From entering my retreat;
Down by its side a murmuring brook
Glides slowly on from rock to rock—
Here do I fix my seat.

When night her sable wings has spread,
On some fall'n tower, who'd rear'd its head,
But now in ruins laid—
There I resort: or on some tomb,
Or in a cavern's dismal gloom,
In silence lay my head.

The augurs of the Roman state
Have, by my aid, presaged the fate
Of Cæsar and of Rome;
Yea, once, because I did appear,
They thought their empire's fall was near,
And trembled at its doom.

At Athens, men of great renown
Thought me the guardian of the town:
 At Lacedæmon—there,
To give my worth to after times,
They stamp'd my image on their coins—
 An honour few can share.

I'm not so much revered just now,
But some my merit dare avow;
 To them my aid I lend:
More might I tell, but must be gone,
For, see, the day is coming on;
 So here my tale I'll end.

Enigma XII.

DEAR ladies, a while your attention pray lend
 To me, who have been your most intimate friend,
Though now my acquaintance perhaps you may scorn,
And for other amusements leave me forlorn;
Yet your blooming young daughters my beauties will see,
And still find a pleasing companion in me,
However neglected I am by their brothers;
Some think that I make them more fit to be mothers.
By my maker intended for life's early morn,
Like theirs are my beauties, like theirs is my form.
Though you spoil my fine face, though you rail with your tongue,
Howe'er you abuse me, I ne'er say 'tis wrong.

Such various materials about me appear,
Not more can adorn the most elegant fair;
When deck'd for assembly, the play, or the ball,
In splendid apparel I outshine them all;
Nor think to your charms it is any disgrace,
If the rose and the lily exceed in my face:
Though sometimes, indeed, I am poorly array'd,
When, in the lone cottage, some innocent maid
Arrays me in what she can soonest procure,
I'm none the less happy when placed with the poor.
In gold and in silver I oftentimes deal,
And serve, in my station, the great commonweal.
Let Persia, Golconda, and richer Peru,
Exhaust all their gems to add lustre to you;
Both Golconda, Peru, and Persia's rich dye,
Array me in splendour yourself to outvie.
Sometimes I'm a beau, and all cover'd with lace;
A shepherdess oft, with an unmeaning face;
Anon, the brave soldier, I in scarlet appear;
And again a fair virgin, yet know not to fear.
Much more of my person and parts could I say;
But enough, my dear ladies—you'll guess me straightway.

Enigma XIII.

THE famed Arcadian vales whence zephyrs rove,
Thy plains, O Paphos! and the Cyprian grove,
Have tuned the vocal lyre, and flourish'd long
In all the pleasing charms of pastoral song.
Those much-loved scenes in softer times I knew,
Ere from the world the golden age withdrew;

Ere brazen helms were known, or thundering car,
Or shone in beaming steel the god of war.
Such disposition sways my peaceful race,
The flowery meads I love, the vernal grass,
Where all thy sweets, imperial Flora, reign,
And gales aërial sweep the waving grain:
Here joys, fair beaming as the midday sun,
Make all the hours of life glide smoothly on;
But rare the pleasure which no grief annoys—
A bitter cup must weaken all our joys.
You've heard, ye wits, how late, on Libya's plains,
Sidonian Dido ruled the Tyrian swains;
Inured to toils, they formed the sculptured wall,
Or deck'd with arts sublime the regal hall:
Call each laborious scene before your eyes,
And view the lofty towers of Carthage rise,
Where Sol's all-cheering power with mildest ray
Beams on the morn, and gilds the smiling day.
For fair industry famed, a city stands—
Brave as Carthagian swains its warlike bands;
A queen imperial o'er the train presides—
Supreme in council, all their actions guides:
At her command they nobly take the plain,
Spoil all their task, and plunder all their aim.
By them I'm quickly seized, and hence convey'd
Aloft through yielding air—am captive made;
Within a gloomy cell my form confined,
And to relentless guards the charge assign'd;
No more the groves or vernal greens delight,
The noontide breezes, or the shades of night.
But, lo! impending ills the state surround,
While murmuring sounds thro' all the camp resound;

Now raging fight with direful fury glows,
Whole cohorts humbles, and whole hosts o'erthrows:
I'm now from bondage freed, exposed to view,
And know the pleasing scenes which once I knew;
Like crystal, amber, or the morning star,
I'm hence convey'd, the noblest prize of war.
O'er Albion's plains a welcome guest I rove,
And brave Columbia's sons my use approve.

Enigma XIV.

LADIES, make room; attention pay
While we our consequence display:
No stranger we're to you;
Though, if we were, that's no disgrace;
To strangers oft you give a place;
Find one, then, for us two.

In brilliant gems we often shine,
And sultry India's fertile mine
For us exhausts its treasure;
But should we ever lose our wealth,
Or from our place be ta'en by stealth,
It may cause your displeasure.

Though we don't always grand appear,
A plainer morning dress we wear;
Thus to the park we rove:
With Chloe or with Celia fair,
We ride or walk, to take the air
In some sequester'd grove.

In public streets, dress'd up quite fine,
Through the transparent glass we shine,
(Don't envy our condition;)
In rows, perhaps, red, white, and blue,
You'll find us there hung up to view,
And perhaps excite ambition.

Whether we go to ball or play,
Hung by the ears—mind what we say—
You'll find we always are;
One on each side the nymph we grace,
And gently stroke her pretty face:
What happiness we share!

You, ladies all, our aid confess—
We help to ornament your dress,
And your bright charms adorn;
Nay, Sylvia would not us resign,
Whose beauteous looks, almost divine,
Surpass the blushing morn.

When to drink tea, to sup, or dine,
She goes, dress'd up extremely fine,
With her we spend the day;
Though often, as we pass along,
Some busy sharper, midst the throng,
Steals one of us away.

Mind, then, from us, ye lovely fair,
Of beauty's flattering charms beware,
(They last but for an hour,)
And learn to cultivate the mind;
Infinite sweets by this, you'll find,
Attend on virtue's power.

Enigma XV.

LIE still, ye wits, philosophers, and sages,
Who show'd me to the world in former ages:
Great Newton, Locke, Bacon, and me reveal'd,
Yet deep in nature still I lie conceal'd,
Or wander here and there in strange disguise,
In order to escape the vulgar eyes.
Gay Damon found me in the myrtle shade,
When falt'ring accents Daphne's love betray'd:
The ladies now, of high and low degree,
Are grown quite anxious for my company;
Safe in their cabinet with some I stay—
By others am profusely given away.
I've done much good—caused base, flagitious crimes,
From early dates down to the present times;
In climes remote, among the savage nations,
I've dealt in magic arts and incantations;
Sometimes from matter I may take my rise,
From thoughts ideal, or mere nonentities.
O'er this terrestrial ball I'm known to rove,
But am more latent in the worlds above:
Then cease, vain man, into those realms to pry—
There I'm lock'd up to all eternity;
Go seek me in your native hemisphere,
And tell the world my name another year.

Enigma XVI.

MY form was first design'd in paper,
Not far, perhaps, from some bright taper;
Or pasteboard may have form'd the plan
From whence my being first began:
This in my breast is often placed,
And there securely bound and laced;
Thus stuff'd and cramm'd, how great the wonder
I do not split and burst asunder!
For then, though fill'd from end to end,
No ribs my tender sides distend;
But when my stomach's empty found,
With ribs in plenty I abound.
To you, ye fair, I owe my birth—
This surely will enhance my worth;
But still, to aggrandize my fame
And add fresh lustre to my name,
On you I wait; at your command,
I always ready am at hand.
Should Sol's refulgent beams annoy
Your tender frame, to me you fly;
From scorching rays your face defend,
And always prove myself your friend.
In winter's dreary frost and snow
To me you oft protection owe:
Accept with thanks my friendly aid,
And walk secure beneath my shade.
In northern climes on men I wait,
Though seldom on the rich or great;

To peasants chiefly I'm consign'd,
As shelter from the sun and wind;
But then I only boast one hue,
And that you'll always find's true blue.
These hints, I fear, will soon reveal
What I've endeavour'd to conceal.

Enigma XVII.

LET Bentley's muse awake the tuneful strings,
Who paints like nature, and like nature sings,
Save when his pen exalts an humble maid
Above her native worth, her native shade.
Let Hebe's bloom his magic verse display;
Let opening roses blossom on the day;
A blush carmine on beauty's cheek be spread,
And lips, soft smiling, glow with ruby red:
Description's vain—with Hebe's bloom I vie;
Before my face the opening roses die;
The charms of beauty quickly fade away:
Mine ages last, unconscious of decay.
I dwell in palaces of high renown;
My brow's encircled with a golden crown:
Sometimes 'tis silver, for I oft descend,
And find in village, as at court, a friend.
Soft music waits around where'er I move,
And my gay patrons wear the form of love:
Sometimes a fav'rite, ladies, I presume
To kiss those lips which emulate my bloom.

Physicians say (and sure they judge me right)
I bring, with ease, a snowy tribe to light;
Yet they, because obliged, ungrateful prove,
And murder me to testify their love.
Where shines the dome in all the pomp of art,
And music wakes to joy the youthful heart,
Just like a heifer to the altar led,
(Adorn'd with ribands my devoted head,)
Unconscious of my future fate, I stand
The hapless victim of a female hand:
A fetter'd captive I appear at last—
She smiles, relentless, while she binds me fast;
The youthful bands in triumph shout to see
A helpless wretch deprived of liberty.
Perhaps you'll ask where I received my birth:
My sire was Phœbus, and my mother Earth.
Where different natures, different manners reign,
And various nations crowd the peopled plain—
Where murder, rapine, devastation dire,
Devour unceasing in their vengeful ire;
There was I born, in vegetative pride
And fondly blossom'd by a parent's side.
Ah, hapless he, who, wandering far from home,
By dire mischance is led those wilds to roam!
No pitying eye, no friendly hand can save
The trembling wretch from an untimely grave;
By bloody monsters torn, he yields his breath,
Devour'd while gasping in the pangs of death.
Of old, Cyrene led her darling son
Through subterranean deeps and worlds unknown:
He saw the wonders of my dread abode
Through all his journey to the wizard god.



Enigma XVIII.

I FOLLOW, yet lead; I am driven, yet drive;
Am active, now dead, though inactive alive:
When wounding my mother, appear in my station,
Yet 'tis for the good of each civilized nation;
Join faces with Roger, though his is the toil—
Budge together at work, and shake hands all the while.

Enigma XIX.

YE fair ones of this happy land,
On whom the muses smile so bland,
Say, will you turn on me your eyes,
Though at the first I may surprise?
But startle not, for in the end
I may be found a faithful friend.
To you, dear ladies, I belong:
I'm sometimes old, and sometimes young;
In gold and pearls am often seen,
And do attend the gracious queen;
By her oft lent to her lord the king,
He'll own me for a useful thing.
With Polly Stow, that lovely fair,
I go abroad to take the air;
And if she walk on foot, or ride,
No doubt you'll find us side by side;

And when at night she sleeps in bed,
I'm often placed beneath her head.
Take one hint more to make me clear,
And I, no doubt, shall soon appear:
A lady once of large estate
Did lend me unto Whitefield late;
But be advised, and make no pother—
Each daughter, lend me to your mother,
Lest you repent when 'tis too late,
And curse your folly and your fate.

Enigma XX.

LET Milton raise his amaranthine bowers,
Sweet shady groves, and vales replete with flowers,
Delicious fruits, enchanting to the eyes,
A pregnant earth, and untempestuous skies;
I'm great as he; nay, with superior skill,
I make a paradise whene'er I will,
Where fragrant breezes unremitting blow,
And crystal streams in sweet meanders flow;
Where Adam tastes the blissful sweets of love
With charming Eve, the masterpiece of Jove.
With equal ease I make the clouds appear,
The lightnings flash; then Adam quakes with fear:
Eve hangs her head, her florid looks are lost,
And all her soul's in wild disorder toss'd.
I make the rivers from their beds retire,
Dry up the lakes, and set the seas on fire;

Or make the rills, without the aid of rains,
O'erflow the banks and deluge all the plains.
Let Newton, with his astronomic eyes,
View orb on orb through all the boundless skies,
Make Nature's laws with just precision known,
And rise by steps to God's eternal throne:
Though great his deeds, yet I o'ertop him far;
I spread my wings and fly from star to star,
See how each comet in its orbit runs,
And soar enraptured mid ten thousand suns:
While thus I rove, on heavenly pinions borne,
I look around and view the earth with scorn.
Now all at once I quit the realms above,
Where all is concord, harmony, and love,
To view the cells where desperation reigns,
Where famine lours, and madness bites her chains.
I hear the lover's unsuccessful sighs,
And mark the debtor with his downcast eyes;
Behold the fetter'd madman foam and stare
In all the dismal horrors of despair.
With pitying eyes I see their sore distress,
And, like an angel, grant them quick redress:
At once I stop the lover's dire alarms,
And give him all his lovely Delia's charms;
Consign the debtor costly beds of down,
And bless the madman with a regal crown.
I cities build in many a dreary waste,
With all the rules of architecture graced;
Hold haughty monarchs in perpetual awe—
O'er them I rule, and what I please is law.
Now, O ye nymphs of bright superior parts,
Declare my name, and meet your just deserts.

Enigma XXI.

ALMOST, I am as old as time,
And may be found in every clime;
'Mong birds and beasts of every kind,
Trees, plants, and flowers, you me will find:
I'm found among the human race,
And with both sexes have a place.
One singular power belongs to me,
That I cannot derivéd be,
Nor yet communicated by,
Or from one to another. Why?
'Tis an impossibility.
I'm oft the occasion of much strife
Between the nearest friends in life,
And, what is worse, you'll sometimes see
Whole families destroy'd by me.
Nay, had I universal sway,
The world itself I soon would lay
Waste of inhabitants, as when
Old Chaos formerly did reign;
Whate'er on earth doth life enjoy
From off its face I would destroy.
Now these accounts, most likely will
Your minds with indignation fill
Against me, for you'll surely say
I am a horrid wretch; but stay—
Be not so rash—your thoughts suspend,
And hear my story to the end:

In all these deeds I'm free from guilt;
One drop of blood I never spilt;
And though I'm hated by all ranks,
And for good deeds receive no thanks,
I'm oft a friend unto the poor;
And some who beg from door to door,
If they had been possess'd of me,
Need not have askéd charity:
Beauty I oft protect from pain,
Though in return receive disdain.
Now from these hints, ye witty fair,
My hated name you will declare.

Enigma XXII.

WILLING I come to wait on you, ye fair—
A double portion, truly worth your care.
When your white fingers give me birth in haste,
I claim some likeness to your slender waist;
There you may find me foremost of the train,
True and sincere to your beloved swain—
Assist his whispers, and his wisdom too,
And am in all his pleasant walks with you.
In the close windings of the leafy grove
I stand, a witness to your mutual love;
In waiting always, ever in your power—
And never more than in a shady bower;
There, at your soft rebuke, I stand in awe,
Humbly obedient to your will and law;

And though from work I ne'er was known to stray,
Yet am in cruel want both night and day,
A week or more—then I in wealth abound;
And thus in fortune's wheel I take my round.
In rural weddings I my part maintain,
And with the happy wife secure remain;
To helpless widows am a friend well known;
The weak and wounded my assistance own;
The orphan maid has nought from me to dread,
Nor do I e'er molest the marriage bed.
My kind repose is in the silent wood,
Or with the silver swan along the flood,
Till fair Aurora gilds the rising dawn—
Then, with three brothers, grace the dewy lawn;
Or, in the midst of spring's soft-falling showers,
You'll find me early in the blooming flowers.
When royal William wore Britannia's crown,
I shone resplendent, was in great renown;
Rush'd into war amid those dire alarms,
And added lustre to the British arms.
When peace arrived with all her smiling train,
In wreaths of laurel I was seen to reign,
And with the wings of fame flew through the air:
Enough, dear ladies—pray my name declare.

Enigma XXIII.

LADIES, behold the strangest creature
That ever yet appear'd in nature!
Yet scream not out with wild affright—
Know I'm with you a favourite.

Without my aid, the fairest toast
That Britain's sea-girt isle can boast
Would cease to please, though fond as fair,
And bright as wingéd seraphs are.
From Neptune's watery regions come
What lay conceal'd within my womb;
And for my skin, though fair and firm,
I'm much indebted to a worm.
My legs, though numerous, are but small,
And never touch the ground at all;
Like Argus, I have many eyes,
Which safely guard their goodly prize:
They differ much from human kind,
For they are chiefly placed behind.
This truth, indeed, I can't deny,
That Argus had more eyes than I;
Yet a much stricter guard I keep,
For I was never known to sleep.
To temp'rance I such honour pay,
One meal contents me through the day;
But, sure, this owes me some fell spite—
It all comes through my eyes at night.
What still preserves me from despair,
I'm honour'd by the British fair;
Columbia's maids, though wise and chaste,
In private I have oft embraced.
The Turks and I could ne'er agree—
I hate their infidelity:
But hold! my name you'll soon explore;
I need not add a letter more.

Enigma XXIV.



T now was time for treason to cabal,
And witchcraft to convene her carnival;
All, all was night, and lost was every ray—
Hill, dale, and forest undistinguish'd lay;
No silver moon the joyless sable graced,
Nor beam'd a star through all the heavenly waste.
Now from the silence of her brazen bed,
A sage enchantress rear'd her awful head;
Parent of good through our own land esteem'd—
Through our own land the source of evil deem'd;
Her constant favour while industry knew,
While the lone traveller bless'd her frequent view:
Oft the sad object of her vengeful hate
Mourn'd o'er a dying friend or ruin'd state.
'Tween earth and heaven, to mortal steps unknown,
A crystal edifice, suspended, shone,
With rising turrets graced on every part—
The work of labour and the boast of art:
Here, while the weary crowd in silence slept,
Associate hags their midnight revels kept;
And oft the listening swains had heard around
Feet nimbly shift, and music sweetly sound.
Hither, through ambient air, the enchantress flew,
And hail'd with magic kiss the assembled crew;
When through the group a sudden vigour ran,
And straight the solemn, mystic rites began.
Pure was her vest, and fair as dawning light;
Her visage gloomy as the cheek of night:

Elate she stood—a tall but slender dame,
And round her temples play'd a lambent flame,
That spoke her glory, or that mark'd her shame.
But hapless he whom frolic fancy led,
Or wayward chance, the neighbouring path to tread!
Not long he gazed, admiring at the scene,
The lucid dome, and magic's potent queen;
Sudden he turn'd, and lo! before his eyes,
A ghastly spectre rear'd its monstrous size,
Wild as the rude creations of a dream—
An hideous, eyeless, sable Polypheme.
In vain he fled; the phantom still pursued,
Ran as he ran, and stood where'er he stood;
By turns a thousand fearful shapes put on,
And now the head, and now the feet were gone;
Now shrank the dreaded bulk within itself,
And the vast giant crept a puny elf.
But say, in wisdom old, or old in years,
Ye learnéd, say what name the enchantress bears;
By her the fount of learning you explore,
And oft by her that learning is no more.

Enigma XXV.

LADIES, though I profess I'm loath
To brag, like some, of my own worth,
Yet none have, sure, more just pretension
Than I to claim your kind attention;
Nor are there many that can vie
With me, too, for antiquity.

Had the first pair lived free from sin
'Tis likely I had never been;
But soon as Eve, 'gainst God's decree,
Had eat of the forbidden tree,
She found, alas! a use for me.
E'er since that time I've helped secure
From heat and cold the rich and poor;
Impartial my assistance lend
To high and low—the common friend:
All, all from me advantage reap.
I help to clothe the chimney-sweep;
The monarch too, though ne'er so great,
Half owes to me his robes of state.
But, butcher-like, (I own my guilt,)
The blood of hundreds I have spilt;
And, (if the gossip, Fame, tells true,)
Remorseless, once a lady slew:
But, trust me, for this dire offence
Some of us amply make amends.
One sister, I can truly boast,
Saves thousands that might else be lost;
When all are wrapt in dark midnight,
And, but for her, bewilder'd quite,
She by a pole points out the way
As safe as in the midst of day.
If more there needs to make me known,
Should you, ye fair, e'er go to town,
And for a certain street inquire,
Where most of what all most desire,
You'll find my name and occupation,
And the use I'm of unto the nation.

Enigma XXVI.

START not, ye fair! a harmless magic elf
Permission begs to introduce himself:
No hideous monster, of such frightful mien
"That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;"
No envious sprite, whose midnight feats oft spoil'd
The milkmaid's labour, or the traveller foil'd;
But one whose well-meant deeds attention claim,
And challenge history to asperse his fame.
Know then, in bulk I, pigmy-like, am small,
Although in stature straight and somewhat tall;
No arms to execute my will I need;
No legs to stand on or increase my speed;
No vital parts like you, or flesh, or bone,
But feed, cameleon-like, on air alone:
An agent there, unseen, exerts his skill,
And all my motions regulates at will.
Oft with the trembling lark I mount on high
While his soft warblings glide along the sky;
Toward the earth with him I bend my way
When the clouds threaten to eclipse the day:
Placed 'bove the crowd, I move in silent state,
And gain the attention of the rich and great.
For this with them alone I choose to dwell,
Far from the straw-roof'd cot and humble cell.
To me, their prophet, mortals oft appeal
When doubts perplex or anxious fears prevail;
E'en grave divines have scrupled not to own
The sage instruction which from me they've drawn.

Ne'er by the Delphian oracle of old
More truths were prophesied than I have told;
Yet, unlike that, my voice you need not dread—
All my predictions are in silence made.
Say then, ye fair, where dwells the essential part,
The vital motion, and prophetic art;
That wondrous power, which can a grace convey,
Beyond e'en art to reach, or Reynolds to portray.

Enigma XXVII.

MAKE room! stand back! keep your distance!
Who that dares to make resistance?
Don't I sufficient witness bring
To testify that I'm a king?
No title can be fix'd to me,
A little short of majesty;
For I, with arbitrary rule,
Govern the wise man and the fool;
And though I'm bound and closely tied,
My government's extended wide:
Thousands of every rank and station,
In this and almost every nation,
With tame submission me obey—
So great, so powerful is my sway.
Some to my yoke reluctant bend—
Struggle their freedom to defend;

But, without caution's timely aid,
All striving's vain, they're vassals made:
Yet, though so much of ruling said is,
I am your humble servant, ladies.

Enigma XXVIII.

YE fair, a moment pray attend
Unto a very faithful friend,
Who on you constantly does wait—
At morn, at night, both soon and late.
I noways bashful am, nor shy,
But ever keep your company;
And in return you humour me,
And kindly take me on your knee:
In solitude you me indulge;
But, mind, no secrets I divulge.
Again, I am so very queer,
I scarce in public will appear;
But once I from concealment slip,
When British beauties nimbly skip
In festive dance; and people say
A monarch, more than usual gay,
Took me, and made me known to fame:
Ladies, from this you'll tell my name.

Enigma XXIX.

PRAY, ladies, don't at me take fright,
For though I snarl, I never bite;
And though with you partake of breath,
I never shall be caught by death.
I always do attend the fair—
Asleep or 'wake, I'm in their care;
In every corner in the nation,
It is well known I have a station.
In learning also I've great sway;
Always at work, so ne'er at play;
Adhere to truth—no one that's by
Has ever caught me in a lie.
To rich and poor my aid I lend,
And am to both an equal friend;
Useful am to all about me;
No riddle's ever made without me;
I am a liquid; hold! no more—
You will with ease my name explore.

Enigma XXX.

YE lovely fair, to whose discerning eyes
The darkest riddles prove a weak disguise,
Whose piercing wit can vail in flowing lines
Whatever subjects your prompt will inclines—
Permit your well-known favourite now to share
A place within the list of fame this year.

From distant climes to fair Columbia's shore,
Cross Neptune's briny deep, am I brought o'er;
And here, oh hard to tell! dire scenes of wo,
Sharp, fiery trials doom'd to undergo:
I various conflicts meet; at length I bear
The present pleasing form which now I wear.
When Damon, with persuasive arts to move,
Pleads all the pleasing eloquence of love—
With sighs invokes the gentle god to dart
His pointed shaft to wound his charmer's heart;
Should he successful prove, and win the dame,
I with his ardent wishes crown his flame.
Then, ten to one, should Damon, with his bride,
By chance to walk, attending by her side
You there may find me; since 'tis known thro' life
That I a close companion am unto the wife—
A faithful witness of the bless'd estate
For which God at the first did man create.
Take this one hint, to throw off all disguise:
I am the widow's pledge and maiden's prize.

Enigma XXXI.

NOW, ladies, has it come to pass
That I, in enigmatic glass,
Have ne'er been held to public sight
To kill a tedious winter night?
My form, 'tis somewhat strange to tell ye,
Exhibits nought but mouth and belly:

A friend to men I've ever been,
From beggar to the king and queen;
For what my spacious paunch contains
Mankind in life and health sustains.
Themselves to nourish, and their brood,
Men force me to disgorge my food,
Which they devour without remorse,
And empty leave my plunder'd corse.
I oft with heated fury burn,
Yet never injure them in turn;
Nay, e'en before I cool am grown,
My service has forgiveness shown.
To all so needful is my aid,
That it with thanks should be repaid;
For providence can scarce befriend them,
Unless I my assistance lend them.
Ye learnéd fair, discover, then,
Who this warm friend can be to men.

Enigma XXXII.

IN many countries I'm produced,
And am to man a blessing;
But blessings, when they are abused,
A curse prove in possessing.

There lived a race of men on earth,
With nature not contented—
From them did art derive her birth,
In various shapes invented.

'Mong these, the art to drain my blood
Was held in veneration,
And deem'd to be extremely good
In almost every nation.

The bucks and rakes, and such like breed,
And each audacious varlet,
When they can get it, will exceed
The Babylonish harlot.

Then, ladies, would you know the crime
They're capable of doing—
One letter taken from my name
Will show it to your viewing.

But justice soon pursues the rake—
'Fore whom they stand and tremble;
Then from my name two letters take—
You'll see what they resemble.

Enigma XXXIII.

'TWAS in heaven pronounced, and 'twas mutter'd in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends him at birth, and awaits him at death—

Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health—
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crown'd.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But wo to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower;
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

Answers to the Enigmas.

ENIGMA I.—IX.

I HOPE, dear Peggy, you'll excuse
A bachelor's dull, unpolish'd muse:
I as a *lover*,[6] Miss, address you—
To wed, sweet Peggy, I would press you;
At Hymen's altar I could stand,
And gladly take you by the *hand*.[9]
A *flame*,[8] when kindled in the soul,
Will burn, dear Miss, without control.
But now, methinks, I hear you cry,
A bachelor I'll ne'er come nigh:
His very *shadow*[5] I despise—
To wed him, then, would not be wise.
But hold, dear Miss—I pray be easy;
I'd strive with all my might to please ye;
Minims[2] should be *'turn'd* to your mind;
Pincushion[3] and *fan*[1] I'd find.
When this, dear Peggy, you *survey*,[4]
Pray let me know without delay

That you'll in wedlock join with me;
Then, oh, how happy shall I be!

[1] *A Fan.* [2] *A Pincushion.* [3] *A Minim.* [4] *A Surveyor of Windows.* [5] *A Shadow.* [6] *Love.* [7] *A Turnstile.* [8] *Fire.* [9] *Hand.*

Enigma X.—XVII.

BENEATH yon hill, whose glittering top
Was faintly tinged with day,
To vent those sighs fond love had caused,
A maid, forsaken, lay.

The evening breeze that fann'd the air
Stole softly through the vale,
And general silence seem'd to reign,
Attentive to her tale.

Was it for this, ye nymphs, she cried,
Palemon call'd me fair?
Was it for this so oft he swore?
Ah, trust not them who swear!

Let music's charms no longer soothe—
Let wolves and tigers *howl*:[11]
These better please my treacherous *ear*,[14]
And suit my gloomy soul.

No more, Palemon, shall these cheeks
Eclipse the *coral's*[17] hue;
No more these lips shall smile, that loved
To smile alone on you.

No more for thee shall Dolly's locks
Be gayly [10]*comb*'d and pinn'd,
That once were wont in curls to flow
And wanton in the wind.

Vain ribands, hence! no more shall these
This hated *bonnet*[16] grace,
Since thou who gav'st them swore no time
Should e'er thy love efface.

No more in verse ye witty bards
Shall publish [12]*Doll*y's fame;
No more shall youths, to her unknown,
In public toast her name.

In some lone cot, far hence remote,
Let me in *secret*[15] dwell;
And grant, ye gods, a happier fate
To those who love as well.

Come, Resignation, meek-eyed maid!
In my *sweet*[13] cell to live,
And teach this heart that bliss to know
Which thou alone canst give.

[10] *An Ivory Comb.* [11] *An Owl.* [12] *A Doll.* [13] *Honey.*
[14] *Earrings.* [15] *Secret.* [16] *A Bonnet.* [17] *Coral.*

Enigma XVIII.—XXVI.

IN sable robes attend, ye nymphs and swains—
With yew and cypress strew the sorrowing plains;
Let every flower recline its drooping head:
The pride of nymphs, the fair Narcissa's dead!
Accept, blest shade, lest abler pens refuse,
This humble tribute from the plaintive muse.
But, ah! the mournful subject to disclose—
A subject big with complicated woes!—
The grief-exciting story to rehearse
Requires a Bentley's or a Tasso's verse.
That fatal day we ever must deplore
When, urged by fate, thou left Columbia's shore,
Plough'd[18] the deep ocean's rude, impetuous tide,
And for Iberia's coast the waves divide.
Scarce had the vessel felt the rising gales,
Heaved her large anchor, and unfurl'd her sails,
When clouds on clouds in swift succession sweep,
And winds convulse the sable-vested deep;
The *needle*'s[25] aid and pilot's art are vain—
The storm still blackens, and o'erspreads the main;
The shatter'd bark before the tempest rides,
While furious billo*ws*[22] burst around her sides.
Fear and dismay now glare in every eye,
And all with suppliant hands implore the sky:
In vain; for, like the *glass*,[26] they rise and fall,
Till one vast watery ruin swallows all.

Farewell, sweet saint! In that black, dreadful day,
When conscious virtue was thy only *stay*,[18]
Calm and serene amid the dire alarm,
Possessing her, thou foundst a powerful charm—
A charm that could the fear of *death*[21] destroy,
And turn the liquid horrors into joy;
Could burst the confines of impervious night,
And wing thy passage to the realms of *light*.[24]
Then imitate her virtues, for 'twas she
Whose *ear*[19] was open, and whose heart was free;
Whose gentle bosom glow'd with rapturous *fire*;[20]
Whose fingers swept the soft Columbian lyre;
Whose smoothly flowing, sweet, harmonious lays
Demand a wreath of never-fading bays.
Ye lovely virgins, prize the illustrious name,
Pursue her steps, and emulate her fame.

[18] *A Plough.* [19] *An Ear.* [20] *Alluding to Imagination.* [21] *Alluding to Barrenness.* [22] *Letter W.* [23] *A Pair of Stays.* [24] *A Candle.* [25] *A Needle.* [26] *A Barometer.*

Enigma XXVII.—XXXIII.

NOW peaceful lives the [29]rural swain,
Adorn'd with *rings*[30] his mate;
In *petticoats*[27] he'll ne'er complain,
Nor blame the hand of fate.

To store the *oven*,[31] spit, or pot
With good and wholesome fare,
The wife provides; the [32]*husband's* lot
In garden shows his care.

He *ties*[33] the branches of the *vine*[34]—
He cultures well his ground;
Sometimes, to feed with hay his kine,
He mounts the ladder's round.

[27] *A Petticoat.* [28] *A Garter.* [29] *Letter R.* [30] *A Ring.*
[31] *An Oven.* [32] *Grapes.* [33] *Letter H.*



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